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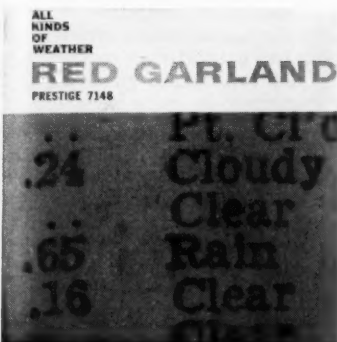
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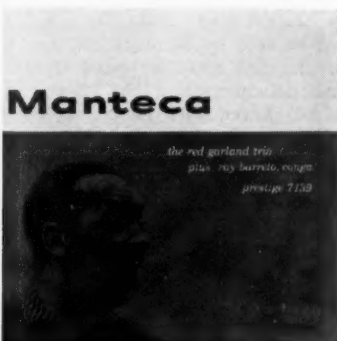
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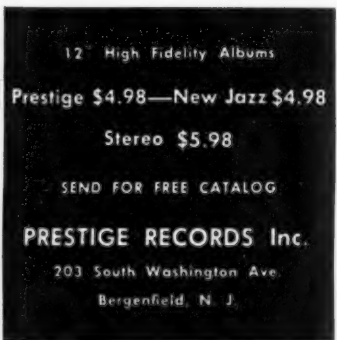
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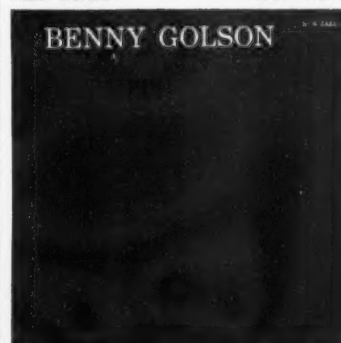


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the first chorus

by Charles Suber

We are not really proud, but rather wryly satisfied that *Down Beat* was the first national magazine to predict, cite, and deprecate the destructive and artificial elements of rock and roll. Similarly, our coverage and analyses of payola, while anteceding the nation's press, make us feel more melancholy than prideful.

We are genuinely proud, however, of our continuing support of better music in the schools and the encouragement of better young musicians. Without getting sloppy about it, we think there is nothing more important than exerting a positive influence on the musical tastes of the next generations.

Our efforts to do so lie in several

directions. Our program of direct and competitive scholarships is expanding year by year. The current applications for the Hall of Fame scholarships to the Berklee School are more than double last year's. As a matter of fact, this morning, an application and tape came in from Australia, and an application for the National Dance Band camp came in from New Zealand.

We have found that the best way to solidify and encourage interest in the educational field is to foster dance (sometimes called "stage") band clinics and competitions (or festivals), principally on a high school level.

We motivate these events, other than through the pages of *Down Beat*, by speeches and letters to local music educators and music store owners—all by and with the cooperation of many musical instrument companies. For example, the Guitar Manufacturers association has granted us a working fund of \$1,000 to subsidize guitar clinics at our discretion. In many ways, too, the American Federation of Musicians and the Music Educators National Conference have been of decided help.

Before we grant our "approval" of any clinic or competition, we do insist on a basic code of ethics and performance. Here are some of the requirements:

The event must be held in an educational or civic institution (no ballrooms or theaters); at least one sponsor must be a local music educator; standard adjudication forms from the M.E.N.C. must be used by three judges; a qualified clinician must be hired; entrants must demonstrate three basic styles (ballad, Latin, and jump) with free choice of tunes to run in total no more than 12 minutes; the band must have standard instrumentation, with a 14 or 15 piece minimum; prizes are optional. If given, prizes must be simple. The main reward must come from participation and performance.

The success of these clinics (see page 10 for a partial list for this school year) is best evidenced by the fact that every one of them begun in the past five years is still in existence and flourishing. Not one has died on the vine or been cancelled, nor has there been any untoward incidents. In all cases, the music programs and standards of the schools involved have been improved, and the youngsters have been properly exposed to the music that is contemporary to them.

We have not, of course, done all this alone. First there had to be the basic desire to accept, to learn, and use this music, on the part of the music educator, and certainly on the part of his students. Our best function is to help our American music flourish at a grass roots level. If we can do that, we really have something of which to be proud.

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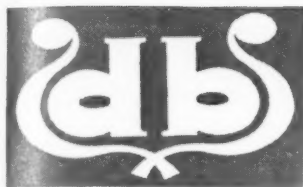
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JOHN TYNAN

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ON THE COVER

One of the most international-minded men in jazz today is Quincy Jones, who has been alternating his living between Europe and America for the past few years. He is at present touring the continent with the new musical, *Free and Easy*, which he orchestrated. The cover photo is by Charles Stewart; the music is from one of Quincy's most famous charts—*Stockholm Sweetnin'*. A personal glimpse at this gifted young musician, on Page 16, is coupled with a detached analysis of his music by Bill Mathieu on Page 22.

PHOTO CREDITS: Mitchell-Ruff on Page 10, Wide World Photos; Frankie Laine on Page 21, Bob Henriques; Oscar Pettiford on Page 13, Annon Photos; Quincy Jones with Harry Edison on Page 18 by Charles Stewart, with Jellie by Ted Williams, on Pages 20 and 21, Bengt H. Malqvist; Monica Zetterlund on Page 31, Georg Oddner.

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February 4, 1960 • 5

education in jazz

By Quincy Jones

The Berklee School is my musical Alma Mater.

That's where I learned how to use the tools of my trade.

In Berklee classes and musical labs, I found many of the practical applications of musical theory, and learned many of the practical uses of instruments. I learned by doing. And I worked in school the way I later worked as a professional musician, and the way I'm working today.



QUINCY JONES

The writing and arranging work at Berklee is especially valuable because it's a part of music that a young player either has to learn hit-or-miss by himself, or through study with private tutors, or through experience on the road.

I've run into many young musicians in cities all over the world who have not only heard of the Berklee School, but who want one day to go there. Its reputation has spread through the work of its graduates.

In these days when big bands are scarce, it's important that there is a place like Berklee for young players to go for practical musical training. If they work hard at the courses of study available, they'll be well prepared to take a place in the world of popular and jazz music. They'll find that they are equipped with the theory, and the practical experience necessary to back up that theory.

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Quincy Jones

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chords and discords

Start that Column

Frank Schroeder's letter (*Down Beat*, Jan. 7) (suggesting) an exegetic column to explore "some of the technicalities of jazz" was most gratifying. To this idea I lend my most wholehearted support and encouragement, for it was, indeed, the search for fresher forms, harmonies, melodies, rhythms, and concepts that first introduced me to jazz several years ago.

McDonogh, Md.

2nd Lieut.

Douglas I Smink, Jr.

As an aspiring jazz pianist, I feel that Frank Schroeder's suggestion is wonderful! This would be a great asset to your already great magazine—and I'm sure it would be a great help to many young musicians.

Toledo, O.

Marilyn Singer

. . . I am in favor of it . . .

Ridgewood, N. J.

James Woods

I am in complete concordance with the letter of Mr. Schroeder . . .

Emporia, Kans.

Jim Wisler

I heartily agree . . .

Davis, Calif.

Robert D. Smith

I am very much in favor of such a series . . . If you do include it, please put the columns in a convenient position so that they can be cut out and included in a scrapbook of sorts.

Denver, Colo.

Ken Koenig

I am completely in agreement with Mr. Schroeder. Since reading your magazine during the last nine months, I have abandoned many of my misunderstandings concerning jazz and also other areas of the music world. Thank you for such an informative magazine.

Farrell, Pa.

James Washington

Open Letter to Frank Schroeder:

You say that you are a new jazz listener and you apparently like it. Jazz can give you lots of enjoyment, and if you want it to stay that way, take my advice: don't let these phony experts scare you with a lot of technical talk. That's the trouble with jazz today. These self-appointed "authorities" take the public's money (which could be used to buy records or to see live performances) by writing books which are supposed to tell the world what jazz is all about. The people who do all the talking about jazz don't really enjoy this very enjoyable music.

Another problem with jazz is that the people connected with jazz in one way or another are trying to force jazz upon the public. One article I read in *Down Beat* said that parents and teachers should force jazz upon the students. If anything, this will cause people to hate jazz. These same people say that the worst thing there is is rock and roll. I personally don't like r&r but I think it is a great thing. Why? Because people like it. You can't tell people what to like and what not to like.

From this letter you probably think I hate jazz. I don't. To me jazz is the great-

est. The musicians are the greatest. *Down Beat* is a very important part of jazz. except when it tries to do the things mentioned above.

Montreal

Brian Nashen

With the exception of Nashen's dissent, all mail has been in favor of Frank Schroeder's suggestion for a column explaining some of the technical facets of jazz.

The problem in such a project is finding a man with both the proper musical background and the degree of lucidity in words to express himself without resorting to a confusing excess of technical terminology. But we think we have found such a man. Read Bill Mathieu's essay on the music of Quincy Jones in this issue.

We made no such suggestion, by the way.

Thrown

I dug Crater's column the most in the Christmas issue. I think he's a great talent. His remark about Marian McPartland really being Marian McPartland kind of threw me, though, after paying my analyst good money to help me adjust to the feeling I sometimes have that I'm really Ma Perkins.

I loved Barbara Gardner's article on Miles.

American Airlines Marian McPartland in flight

I would like to compliment Miss Gardner on her swinging article on Miles. I wish her much success in the future, and I hope she writes more on jazz personalities, say, John Coltrane, Paul Chambers, and Bobby Timmons.

I would like to make one complaint. That is, being 15 years old, I am not allowed by the management of most jazz clubs to enter unless I am accompanied by an adult. I know there are many teenagers in the same situation. Birdland's "peanut gallery" has proved that admitting minors to a special section is good for publicity, atmosphere, and the owner's wallet. Fortunately, I am close enough to New York to go to Birdland when I have the money.

I dig the Blindfold Test and George Crater who is really Ira Gitler.

Montclair

Dick Atkinson

Ira Gitler will be astonished to hear this.

Down with Foreign Opinion

Why is there such a horrible thing as an International Critics poll . . . ? Why should a foreign critic who is unaware of what is happening on the American jazz scene be allowed to vote? One of these years I expect to see one of them vote for Basie as new star pianist.

There is another point, too: I have a deep love for blues, and I feel that the "primitive" blues artists have far more depth than even Horace Silver and Charlie Mingus (and these are two of my favorite

musicians). Men like Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Little Junior Parker, Howlin' Wolf . . . are not getting the recognition due to them. *Down Beat* is in a position to do something about the situation.

New York Jerry Arandoff

It is a historical fact that Europe developed a body of highly perceptive jazz critics before America did. And some of the most important jazz criticism continues to come from Europe. Ralph J. Gleason has called Frenchman Andre Hodeir's *Jazz, Its Evolution and Essence* the most important book on jazz ever written.

The article in this issue on Quincy Jones, that on Mitchell-Ruff in the last, demonstrate how much jazz has become an international matter. Ella Fitzgerald played Monte Carlo one night, Chicago the next. Stan Getz, Kenny Clarke, Bud Powell, and Don Byas, among others, live permanently in Europe now. Who, therefore, is in closer touch with their present work, American or European critics?

Vote of Confidence

I have never voted in a popularity poll before, as I am in the profession and did not feel it proper. However, after reading your poll results I would like to cast my vote for the excellent, hard-swinging Jimmy Cobb. I think many people overlooked this man.

Manhattan Beach, Calif. Stan Levey

Drummer Levey's vote is welcomed, if too late to do Jimmy Cobb any good. Many musicians vote in the *Down Beat* Reader's Poll. Only *Down Beat* staff members and regular contributors are prohibited from voting.

Venerable Institution

It's about time someone with the respect you have earned spoke out in defense of a venerable institution — the press!

Gene Lees commented brilliantly upon the maturation of journalism and the antics of broadcasters, while retaining a degree of humility and charity not often found in modern editorials.

As a journalism major at the College of the Pacific, I hope you will continue your strides toward winning respect for the printed media.

Stockton, Calif. Natalie Hall

John Tynan's piece, *A Clean Fresh Wind*, knocked me out. Very well done, in my humble opinion.

Of course, payola isn't the only facet of the structure around us that has holes in it, but this one was discovered. I'm sure a lot of hard-working, honest musicians, and associates, will be pleased to have a little room made for them up top, where they can climb on their own merits.

Your mention of the decrease of rock and roll makes the piece twice as good, as you mentioned the connection between the two, r&r and payola. They were meant for each other!

Thanks for the brilliant profile of another face of the "Ugly American." And one vote for the column on counterpoint, improvisation, etc.

Soledad, Calif. Stephen Guakow

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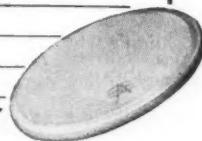
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NEW YORK

A new composition, *Blueprint*, by **Andy Gibson**, has been recorded for Camden under the supervision of **Stanley Dance**. The work has a performance time of about 15 minutes. An all-star orchestra, directed by Gibson, was used on the session. The personnel: **Willie Cook, Jimmy Nottingham**, and **Emmett Berry**, trumpets; **Eli Robinson, Vic Dickenson**, and **Dickie Wells**, trombones; **George Dorsey** and **Hilton Jefferson**, alto saxophones; **Paul Gonsalves** and **Prince Robinson** (doubling on clarinet), tenors; **Leslie Johnakins**, baritone; **Jimmy Jones**, piano; **Milt Hinton**, bass; **Kenny Burrell**, guitar; and **Jimmie Crawford**, drums.

Eddie Condon held a 14th anniversary party during the holidays for his 56th St. Dixieland headquarters. It was in December, 1945, that the original Club Condon opened in Greenwich Village. The opening night lineup included **Wild Bill Davison**, trumpet; **Joe Marsala**, clarinet (he stayed only the one night); the late **Brad Gowans**, valve trombone; **Gene Schroeder**, piano; **Bob Casey**, bass. The late **Dave Tough** played a bass drum on which was lettered "Woody Herman." *Down Beat* reported at the time that the club's namesake was at the guitar whenever the flash bulbs flashed. The original clubhouse was demolished two years ago and Condon moved uptown to his present swank east side location. Pianist **Schroeder**, who has been with Condon on and off ever since, was the only member of the original band on the stand during the anniversary celebration. Currently with Condon are **Robert (Cutty) Cutshall**, trombone; **Herb Hall**, clarinet; **Buck Clayton**, trumpet; **Leonard Gaskin**, bass; **Mousie Alexander**, drums, and **Schroeder**.



CONDON

A jazz dance party to benefit the Adoption Service of Westchester was held during the Christmas season at the Rye Neck high school in Mamaroneck, N.Y. Jazz artists who donated their services included trumpeter **Carl (Doc) Severinsen**, trombonist **Urbie Green**, drummer **Don Lamond**, pianist **Bernie Leighton**, and bassist **Burgher (Buddy) Jones** . . . **Yves Montand**, French singer-actor, who was presented last fall in a one-man sellout Broadway engagement by **Norman Granz**, has been signed to make his American film debut opposite **Marilyn Monroe** in the 20th Century-Fox release, *Let's Make Love* . . . The holiday Sunday showcase at the Arpeggio featured the trios of **Mose Allison** and **Gene Di Novi** . . . **Ahmad Jamal** returned from his recent African trip with a virus that caused cancellation of several engagements.



GREEN

The score of the forthcoming musical, *Mad Avenue*, written by **Howard H. Henkin**, **Len Mackenzie** and bassist-composer **Bob Haggart** (*South Rampart Street Parade*) will be recorded by RCA Victor. The label is also a substantial investor in the show, which satirizes Madison Ave. . . . **Ted Toll**, former Chicago editor of *Down Beat* (1939-1941), will be director for the broadcast of the finals of the 19th annual Bing Crosby golf tournament from Pebble

(Continued on Page 20)

music news

Down Beat

February 4, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 3

Shakeup Reaches Chicago

The disc jockey shakeup hit Chicago—at last.

And there were widespread predictions that the firing by NBC of top-rated disc jockey Howard Miller and chat-and-interview man Jack Eigen would not be the last of sudden changes on the Chicago scene.

NBC, in announcing the dismissals, gave "policy change" as the reason for the two dismissals.

Eigen said he would "have to see how it feels to be unemployed."

Miller is known to be under investigation by both the Federal Trade Commission and the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight for his partnership, with Chicago record distributor Milt Saltsone, in a Milwaukee radio station.

But Miller did not find himself unemployed. Although dropped by NBC's Chicago outlet, WMAQ, he continued on station WIND. He said he had left NBC by "mutual agreement" and that he had been negotiating for some time with WIND to perform "exclusively" for them.

"They pay a little more over there," said Miller, whose income has been much-publicized (an estimated \$350,000 a year).

"I'm not bitter about this," he said. "The WMAQ people have been very nice, but we've been very far apart in our concepts of radio music. To me, albums are to be played at home, for the intimate mood, not on radio. I think radio is made for the playing of singles. They told me what their music policy was, and I told them I didn't believe in it.

"My rating there hasn't been too great, but that's because of the tools I use. I've been playing music I don't care for. But our parting was amicable."

Eigen was not even permitted to do a good-by show.

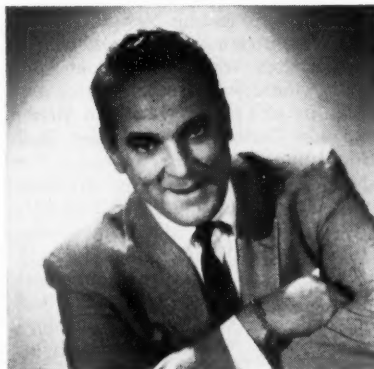
"I asked the station to let me go on the air to say good-by . . . but they said they had had bad experience in the past when a guy leaving went on the air and beefed, and they didn't want to take any chances, although I wouldn't have beefed."

Eigen, who has been the subject of complaints from some entertainers and musicians about the way he has treated them, has been known to deliver mono-

logues on the air about how some people hated and were jealous of him because of his success. After the firing, he said, "I have no plans. I'm trying to collect my thoughts. I've always had offers from other cities, but there's never been anything better than what I had here."

The firing of Eigen and Miller—perhaps the biggest personalities in Chicago radio—shook the local industry.

Chicago *Sun-Times* radio reporter Paul Molloy, said that "the hot fuse that set off the Miller and Eigen explosions is crackling toward more major blasts," and took note that Hollywood CBS executive Clark George, who re-



HOWARD MILLER

placed Leslie Atlass at WBBM-TV, had arrived in Chicago to start his reorganization. He said that George met in secret conference with Merle S. Jones, CBS vice president for company stations.

Meantime, it was predicted that when a senate subcommittee looking into payola starts hearings on Chicago, it would reveal that the recent signings of "affidavits of honesty" in Chicago was, to some of the radio people involved, meaningless.

Almost as shocking as the Miller-Eigen firings, to many Chicagoans, was a report that disc jockeys had set up, printed, and circulated a payola catalog, listing in detail the prices that could be expected from various record distributors or song pluggers.

The report came from "a well-known Chicago and radio personality," who remained nameless—as such witnesses often tend to do until they are in the

safety of the testimony room. He said that "most of these lists probably have been burned since the payola scandal hit the headlines."

He said the list "was constantly being revised and enlarged" and that it went not only to disc jockeys but to others in radio and television who had influence over what records were played.

He said that the information on which the revisions were based was traded by disc jockeys at their meetings and conventions—the best-known of which was held last summer in Miami. Some 2,500 disc jockeys attended the convention and were royally entertained at the expense of record companies.

The payola list reportedly also contained the names of song pluggers and records that should be boycotted.

Not so nameless was a Chicago disc jockey who revealed that he had a setup that involved an \$855 monthly take.

Al Benson said the \$855 were for ads run in a magazine he operates, *Musically Speaking*. Or, he said, the money came from the contributions to help with the expenses of a survey he conducts to give current rating information to record shops and distributors.

Benson denied that this constituted payola. "The records on the list have nothing to do with the records I play on my program," he said.

These were the monthly payments listed in Benson's files:

Vee-Jay Records, Inc., \$100; Chess Records, \$100; All State Record Distributing, \$200; Peacock Record Company, Houston, Tex., \$50; Garmise Distributing, \$100; King Records, \$25; Midwest Distributors, \$80; M. S. Distributing, \$100; Apex Records, \$100.

Chess Records and MS are among those Chicago firms that payola probers want to know more about. MS is the firm being investigated in connection with Howard Miller.

MS grosses \$4,000,000 a year from the 300 record labels it distributes in the Chicago area.

MS head Milt Saltsone said House subcommittee investigators had visited his office and found that the company had been carrying disc jockey Benson on its books for \$100 a month for more

than 10 years. Cancelled checks to another disc jockey, Sid McCoy, were also to be seen in the MS office, according to a reporter who visited there.

Salstone said that the arrangement between MS and Benson began about 11 years ago.

"I was the only distributor in town handling race records and I started out by giving Al free records to play on his program. After a while he started asking for money. He'd come in every month and I'd give him a \$100 check. Sometimes he'd ask for two or three months in advance.

"I didn't see anything wrong with it. Businesswise, it was a good deal. His programs sold a lot of records for me. If I didn't pay him and he stopped playing my records, I'd have lost a lot of money.

Salstone said the arrangement stopped a week or so ago—just after the FTC investigators left Chicago.

Miller and Salstone both said they saw nothing wrong with their Milwaukee radio venture. They operate station WFOX. "It's purely a business for my retirement years," Miller said. "It has nothing to do with the records I choose to play on my programs."

Chess Records came into the spotlight when the Federal Trade Commission filed a complaint against the firm for "giving concealed payoffs to radio and TV disc jockeys in return for broadcasting their records." The FTC order applied also to two other firms owned by brothers Leonard and Philip Chess—Checker and Argo records.

Though federal probes have been in Chicago, it was noted that all the revelations about disc jockey practices in Chicago had come before the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight actually started hearings on the situation in Chicago.

Ironically, another investigation was under way in Chicago: the payola stories shared space in the newspapers with reports of an investigation into the padding of City payrolls and the employment of convicted criminals. It left many Chicagoans with the impression that all was corruption these days.

School Band Schedule

One of the most significant musical developments in recent years has been the rise of "stage" bands in the nation's schools (see *The First Chorus*) and the clinics for young musicians that go with them.

This year, the following events and sponsors are scheduled:

Jan. 16, S. Charleston, W. Va. by Gorby's music store and the West Virginia Bandmasters association, 18 bands, Art Dedrick, clinician; Jan. 26, Dallas, Tex. by Brook Mays Music Co. and

S.M.U., 15 bands; Jan. 30, Effingham, Ill., by Samuel Kusiolo, 8-12 bands, Gene Stiman, clinician; Feb. 20, 21, Brownwood, Tex. by King's music store and local schools, 46 bands, Leon Bredon, clinician; Feb. 20, Le Mars, Iowa by local school system, 25 bands;

March 5, Chicago, Ill. by Oak Lawn high school, with the cooperation of the Lyon and Healy music stores, 15-25 bands, Don Jacoby as band clinician, with guitar clinician to be named; March 11, Milwaukee, Wis., by Milwaukee Boys Club, 12 bands; March 12, 13, Columbus, Ohio, by Coyle music stores and local school system, 20 to 25 bands, Buddy DeFranco, clinician; March 12, El Dorado, Ark., by local school system, 25 bands, Don Jacoby, clinician;

March 18, 19, South Bend, Ind., by student group at Notre Dame (35 to 40 college bands and combos will compete in this second Collegiate Jazz festival with outstanding high school bands as guests);

March 22, Atlantic City, N. J., by Music Educators National Conference, Marshall Brown and his Newport Youth Band demonstrating techniques to music educators from throughout the country (there will also be a panel discussion on jazz piano, with John Mehegan, Billy Taylor, and Dr. Gene Hall participating);

May 6, Enid, Okla., by Tri-State Music Festival at Phillips University, 25 to 30 bands, Buddy De Franco, clinician; Spokane, Wash., (date not set) by Clark Evans music store and local school system, 10 to 15 bands, Bud Doty, clinician; Aug. 7 to 20, Bloomington, Ind., by National Dance Band Camp, presenting the Stan Kenton clinics at the University of Indiana. Three hundred students are expected for a one or two week stay plus one hundred music educators enrolled in a special dance band course.

Tradition in Golden Triangle

The jazz band from Jimmy Ryan's 52nd St. listening parlor in New York spent a big day in Pittsburgh last month. Wilbur DeParis took his New Orleans traditional jazz to the Golden Triangle city for the following events:

- A cocktail party at the opening of the new Golden Hilton hotel.
- The premiere in the Stanley theater of the industrial motion picture *The Fantasy of Steel*.
- Dancing at the opening ball at the new hotel.

The clarinet chair in the DeParis ensemble is now occupied by Garvin Bushell, who took over after the death of Omer Simeon. Bushell went to New York City in 1919 and since that time has had a wide variety of musical experience, including long associations

with Johnny Dunn, Fletcher Henderson, James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, Chick Webb, and Cab Calloway. The late Willie (Bunk) Johnson, when he selected his favorite musicians for a 1947 recording date, picked Bushell as his first choice.

Final Bar for Folio Man

John J. (Jack) Robbins, New York music publisher, died Dec. 15 at 65. He had been taken to a hospital earlier in the day suffering from a coronary thrombosis.

The colorful music man was well known in the world of jazz during the swing era. His Robbins Music Corp. pioneered entire libraries of instruction folios by top jazz exponents, such as Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa, Bud Freeman, Teddy Wilson.

Robbins signed up 150 jazzmen, including many *Down Beat* poll winners, for these folios, which gave instructions in how to play the improvised hot choruses.

Publisher Robbins was a familiar figure at opening nights of the name swing bands in New York hotels, during the 1930s and 1940s.

Robbins, born in Worcester, Mass., came into New York City at the age of 17 and went to work as a stockroom clerk with a song sheet publisher. In 1917 he took a song on the stockroom shelf and decided it had possibilities. The publisher said, "Go ahead. See if you can sell it." The tune was *Smiles*, written by J. Will Callahan and Lee Roberts, and it sold nearly 2,000,000 copies of sheet music in less than a year. It made a small fortune for Robbins and started him upon a career as head of Robbins Music Corp.

After World War II, Robbins gave up his interests in the companies in which he had become affiliated and concentrated activities on J. J. Robbins, Inc., which handled scores for Broadway shows. He also had a partnership in Words & Music, Inc., a music publishing firm.

Many persons remember Robbins as a director of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers in several different periods, but those within the jazz world will remember him as the publisher of the Bix Beiderbecke compositions, *In a Mist*; *Candlelights*; *Davenport Blues* and *Flashes*, as well as the many swing choruses in instruction book form, such as Bud Freeman's *The Eel*; Jimmy Dorsey's *Oodles of Noodles*; Jess Stacy's *Camel Hop*; Teddy Wilson's *Rose Room*; John Kirby's *Anitra's Dance*, and even such exercises as Rudy Wiedoeft's *Secret of Staccato* for saxophone.

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HOSPITALITY

Willie Ruff (left) and Dwiki Mitchell (right) help pianist Van Cliburn show the sights of New York City to Russian pianist Lev Vlasenko, who recently visited the United States as the head of a Soviet youth delegation (*Down Beat*, Jan. 21). Vlasenko was the second place winner in the Russian contest won by Cliburn in Moscow. The Russian, who is a professor of piano at the Tchaikovsky Conservatory, helped to make the Mitchell-Ruff Duo's surprise jazz concert in Moscow possible last summer.

You've Changed

Louis Jordan, whose Tympany Five was playing rock and roll before Fabian was born, recently said the juvenile fad has got to go: "I give it just about one year more!"

There were three basic reasons for Jordan's prediction, he said: "The music is bad, or the words are bad if the music is good; the payola investigation, and the fact some radio stations are now discontinuing the playing of rock and roll records."

From around 1938 through the late 1940s Jordan's small jazz group was one of the top performers in the rhythm and blues field. His music was well played, and such recordings as *Beware!*, *Outskirts of Town*; *Is You Is or Is You Ain't?*; *Caldonia*, and *Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens* all had long runs on jukeboxes, as well as frequent playings over the radio. At least five of Jordan's best-sellers passed the million sales mark.

Jordan said, "We started it, but it's been changed. Nowadays either the lyrics or the music itself is no good, and when both are bad—that's all."

The veteran bandleader, a native of Arkansas who has lived in Arizona for many years, attributes part of his success to the shuffle rhythm he adapted from the style of the late Henry Busse. He also paired up with other stars during the peak of his recording activity 15 years ago. His recording of *Stone*

Cold Dead in the Market was done with Ella Fitzgerald.

Jordan pointed out, "Payola made rock and roll. When you get paid, you play it, whether you like it or not, and when a disc jockey tells the kids a record is good, they buy it."

He said he feels that when disc jockeys are left to their own personal choices, they won't feature rock and roll.

The signs are already up, according to the saxophonist, when the radio stations in the San Francisco-Oakland area, where rock and roll in its present degenerative form is reputed to have got a start, now refuse to play it at all.

Messengers' Safety Message

The battle against death on the highways has received an experimental weapon. It is an animated color cartoon titled *Stop Driving Us Crazy* with a jazz score written by Benny Golson and performed by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

Unlike other documentary safety films, filled with dire warnings and the usual safety slogans, *Stop Driving Us Crazy* is directed to teenagers on ethical and moral grounds. The film constitutes a new approach, heartily endorsed by the National Safety council and the President's committee for traffic safety and was devised by the general board of temperance of the Methodist church.

Golson's original jazz score runs

throughout the film's 10-minute running time, and the musical results were so satisfying to the producers they decided to record two of the songs, *Crazy Drivin' Blues* and *No Time for Speed*, for separate release on 45-rpm.

The personnel, on both the sound track and the recording, included Blakey, leader and drums; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano, and James Merritt, bass.

The theme has a religious message, which is narrated by Howard Morris (the comedian who was the "little guy" on the original *Sid Caesar Show*), and the drawings are frequently abstract. The message is conveyed by an unusual combination of line drawings, color, words, and music. The latter is an example of the best in modern jazz and serves to enliven the presentation.

The Methodist temperance board points out the experiment is based on an idea of reaching youth through a delineation of spiritual values in place of slogans and pictures of horrible wrecks.

The board has no illusions that the film itself will bring a drastic improvement in teenage driving habits, but what it does hope to accomplish is discussion of the problem by the teenagers.

This unique motion picture, available in 16-mm. and 35-mm., can be purchased from the Methodist board service department in Washington, D.C., or rented from the film libraries of Methodist publishing houses in major cities.

A group discussion leader's guide accompanies each film for the purpose of stimulating group discussions of safe driving in terms of spiritual and religious values.

Cloak and Valver

NBC-TV, which operates the straightest-faced publicity department in the trade, recently sent the following release to the press, printed here in excerpted form:

"Bandleader Ray Anthony makes his TV dramatic debut as a jive-talking, trumpet-playing counterspy when he joins David Hedison and curvaceous Erin O'Brien in a *Five Fingers* episode titled *Operation Ramrod* Saturday, Dec. 26, on the NBC-TV network.

"Miss O'Brien . . . portrays a worldly woman who takes advantage of a man's weakness for beauty.

"The two guest stars celebrated their unusual roles with an impromptu jam session for the *Five Fingers* cast and crew while the episode was being filmed at 20th Century-Fox studios."

Okay, Five Fingers, let's have three fingers of booze and forget the whole scene.

THE PRESS OF THE TIDE

Hammond Moves On AFM Segregation

John Hammond, chairman of the music committee of the Urban League of Greater New York, has put that organization behind the elimination of the 46 segregated locals in the American Federation of Musicians before AFM convention time next June.

The league is an interracial social service agency working to achieve equal opportunity for Negroes and other minorities, in employment, housing and education.

Even though New York City has only one union (Local 802) for all musicians in the metropolitan area, the



HAMMOND

Urban league has found that Negro musicians experience difficulty in trying to improve their job opportunities, especially in the classical field, on an equal basis with the white members of 802.

A recent league campaign to improve these opportunities resulted in a major breakthrough early last summer when the Municipal Concerts Orchestra of New York appointed Stewart R. Clarke, a Negro, as a hiring agent. He was responsible for recruiting 42 instrumentalists for a series of 10 classical concerts given last summer in parks and housing projects. Seven Negro musicians participated as active players

last summer. There were two the year before.

Hammond supported the AFM executive board in steps to secure the merger of the racially segregated Local 6 (white) and Local 669 (Negro) in San Francisco. It is the Urban league's hope that the merger will presage elimination of all segregated locals.

Hammond pointed out that part of the opposition to merger on the part of some Negro officials of segregated locals stems from the fact that there haven't been sufficient guarantees that Negro members will receive equal treatment in formerly all-white locals. Such treatment would mean adequate representation on boards and assurances that job opportunities would be offered to all on the basis of merit.

The league called on officials of all Negro locals to recognize their responsibility to fight for integration not only of the locals but also of orchestras. This responsibility, the league added, is present regardless of whether the members seem content in spite of segregation. An example of such a local is the only segregated one in New York state, Local 533 in Buffalo, where the Negro musicians have fared well and wish to remain segregated.

Mrs. Sophia Yarnall Jacobs, president of the Urban league, however, said, "It is 10 times easier to show definite results in equal job opportunities when there is only the one union local involved."

She also said the league is very pleased with the success of its campaign for equal job opportunities and added, "It has shown more immediate results than many of our other projects."

Douglas Pugh, secretary of the Brooklyn section of the Urban league, pointed out that almost every Broadway show now has at least one Negro in the pit orchestra. He cited as an example the new *Sound of Music*, for which two Negroes are playing in the orchestra.

It used to be, Mrs. Jacobs said, that

Negroes were hired only when the star of the show was a Negro.

Hammond called attention to the resistance of white contractors to the integration of AFM locals. These contractors, or hiring agents, have a dual role as employers and union members and exercise a powerful influence on the operation of many locals. Since these contractors are union members and subject to its jurisdiction, the union has a responsibility to insist on their adherence to fair and equitable hiring practices, Hammond said.

Hammond cited some areas where results had been quite slow. Radio and television have been reluctant to respond. Society bands almost all have refused to go along. Lester Lanin does not answer letters, and Ben Cutler definitely has refused to consider the idea. These are two of the busiest bands during the New York social season.

Although progress with the Metropolitan Opera company orchestra has been discouraging, it is mostly the result of lack of openings, and the league now is getting announcements from the Metropolitan of tryouts and rehearsals, an advance beyond the former attitude of ignoring qualified Negro instrumentalists even for tryouts.

Asked if he thought there was a possibility of eliminating segregated locals by the time of the June AFM convention, Hammond said, "Yes, there definitely is a possibility."

Granz Blasts TV Discrimination

While the U. S. Senate subcommittee on legislative oversight has busied itself with investigations into rigged television shows and disc jockey payola, there exists another, at least equally insidious, area of television policy that has not fallen under the committee's investigation—racial discrimination.

Long known to exist in television but difficult to prove because of the reluctance of artists to talk, discrimina-

tion has become one of the great "gentlemen's agreements" among networks, program packagers, advertising agencies, and sponsors.

A recent charge, in an interview with *Down Beat*, by jazz impresario Norman Granz that such discrimination exists on one of the nation's leading TV music shows should interest not only the investigating Senate subcommittee but fair-employment-practice organizations as well.

Granz described the incident as "a perfect example of not only the tragedy of race prejudice in TV, but of the incredible stupidity on which it rests."

Early last September, Granz said, he was approached by a representative of Henry Jaffe Enterprises, the package company that produces the *Bell Telephone Hour* and the *Dinah Shore Chevy Show* for NBC-TV, with the proposition that Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong be engaged to re-create their *Porgy and Bess* Verve album on a forthcoming *Tribute to George Gershwin* program sponsored by Bell and due for telecast Nov. 20.

Granz said he was not enthusiastic about the idea but subsequently agreed to a second proposal by the Jaffe representative that Miss Fitzgerald share the program segment with Nat Cole. Inasmuch as the *Bell Telephone Hour* usually emanates from New York, Granz said, his acquiescence was based partly on Cole's presence in New York at the time set for the broadcast.

"The deal was set," Granz said, "but about a month or so later Barry Wood, the show's producer, asked me to have lunch with him. He told me that Cole couldn't make the program and then asked if Teddy Wilson would be okay."

Granz agreed.

It further was decided that the program would emanate from NBC's studios in Burbank, Calif., and Granz then recalled a phone call from the show's music contractor asking if he would object if Miss Fitzgerald's bassist and drummer were used to accompany Wilson on the program.

According to Granz, he made no objection and offered the services of guitarist Herb Ellis, who regularly accompanies Miss Fitzgerald, to work with Wilson. The contractor's rejoinder, Granz said, was that the show wouldn't need Ellis and that furthermore the program wasn't prepared to pay for him. Granz then offered to pay the scale rate for Ellis' services.

"When the contractor called me back and told me the presence of the guitarist would be a 'problem' because Wilson's segment was advertised as *The Teddy Wilson Trio*, I began to smell

something fishy," he said. "I then insisted on the inclusion of Ellis in the Wilson segment," Granz said.

The issue finally was brought into the open, Granz declared, when he received a phone call from producer Wood.

"Wood told me that if I insisted on a guitarist, he would have to be colored," Granz said. "He told me that the sponsor did not want mixed groups on the program."

Granz' rejoinder was that either Ellis was used on the show or Miss Fitzgerald would not do the program.

"Wood told me then that he was sorry but that no change could possibly be made," Granz said. "The sponsor's policy, he repeated, was 'no mixed groups.' I told him that if Ellis was not used, Ella wouldn't do the show and that that was the way it had to go down.

"Then Wood said okay. But he told me that Ellis would not be shown on camera. I said that was something I couldn't control and wound up the conversation."

Result: On Bell's *Tribute to George Gershwin* only Miss Fitzgerald was shown on camera.

"I think this policy is reprehensible,"



GRANZ

Granz declared. "It's the worst kind of cowardice on the part of the network and of the packager."

And after the program, Granz said, when he related the story to Wilson, the pianist told him that he had been informed by the producer's office that they did not want to go to the expense of flying his bassist and drummer to the coast. Wilson's drummer is white.

Cole-Belafonte Start Production Firm

Nat Cole and Harry Belafonte recently discussed the possibilities of forming a corporation designed to open

opportunities to Negroes in show business. The formal signing of papers is expected to take place late in January.

They plan to produce movies, television spectaculars and radio shows and delve into all the branches of show business when opportunities arise.

Cole has been offered another television show, similar in format to the TV series he had in 1957. It is scheduled to be a 39-week filmed affair starting in the spring. Cole said, "If I accept this series, it will be included in the corporation Harry and I are forming. I intend to use a few guest stars, like Diahann Carroll, and we will select our own writers and directors wherever possible."

Cole has some reason to understand the problems faced by the Negro entertainer in TV—the very problem that Norman Granz is decrying. Star of an exceptionally tasteful TV musical show a few years ago, Cole saw the production wither on the vine for lack of sponsors. Sponsors, traditionally, are afraid of Negro talent because of a theory that they alienate potential customers in the south.

Besides using Negro talent, Cole hopes to present Negroes in a much better light than has been done by some



BELAFONTE and COLE

of the movies in which Negroes recently have appeared. Cole disapproved of *Porgy and Bess* on the basis that it shows the Negro in an unprogressive role. "If it had offered something of a parallel to depict him in a role of accomplishment, I could have put up with it," he said.

Cole already has bought a novel about the life of the Negro abolitionist leader Frederick Douglass. He said he hopes to make a film of the book as part of the corporate venture.

When asked how they will decide if the corporation will be Cole-Belafonte or Belafonte-Cole, Cole said, "We'll let our agents flip a coin."

Nothing for the Poets

The use being made of jazz on television programs has aroused the ire of Sonny Burke, the music director of the series entitled *Hennessey*, which stars Jackie Cooper. He contends, "It's a far wailing cry from what the poets thought of music to what modern television is doing to it. Music has become the villain in most TV shows."

Burke, now a prominent composer and arranger, organized a band in 1940 that played in a Basie and Lunceford groove. It recorded for Columbia and was introduced at Broadway's Roseland by Benny Goodman. The young Detroit bandleader later broke into the arranging field, being responsible for the charts played by a Charlie Spivak band that was backed by Glenn Miller. Miller had selected Burke for the arranging job.

"The thing now is to establish a mood in teleplays," Burke said, "and too many producers use jazz to set the stage for the sordid side of life. I think jazz is too wonderful an art form to be used like this. It has gotten to the point where youngsters are associating a moaning clarinet with beatniks or some cat with a fix. Musicians should do something about it, or before long jazz will always be identified with something evil or some psychological problem."

Burke acknowledges the difficulty of musicians themselves doing anything about it. "You'd think good musicians could refuse the jobs when it means the misuse of jazz," he said, "but they cannot. They need the assignments for economic reasons."

The start of the vogue Burke attributes to the movies. He said, "The whole miserable cycle began with *The Man with the Golden Arm*, the first motion picture about a dope addict."

Stacked Deck

The cards are stacked high against young singers of quality trying to make it in today's music business.

This is the opinion of Frankie Laine, a veteran of some 15 years of prominence in night clubs and on records. "It's much tougher today for a youngster to be a singing success," the singer said in the luxurious den of his Beverly Hills (Calif.) home.

"Even if only in percentage terms," Laine continued, "the odds are more against an up-and-coming singer's chances than in the period when I came up. For one thing, there are so many kids trying to make a mark for themselves now. Where they all come from, I don't know."

He reflected a moment and then remarked, "Look at the type of music most popular today amongst the younger record buyers . . . This auto-

matically stacks the market against you—if you're concerned with singing worthwhile songs. Apart from occasional good songs—tunes like *Misty*; *Talk to Me*; *Don't You Know?*, or *Mack the Knife*—the general quality of song hits is pretty ragged these days."

Does this mean that prospects look dim for any except the rockabilly group?

"Absolutely not," Laine said emphatically. "The fact that *Mack the Knife* is on top now speaks very well for public taste—and for Bobby Darin, of course."

A frank admirer of Darin, Laine commented, "He sings and swings with a good, normal feeling." Also in this category, according to the singer, are



newcomers Nina Simone and Mavis Rivers, summed up by Laine as "just great."

In terms of all-around singing talent, however, Laine declared, "The greatest young singer around today is Brook Benton. He's an ideal combination of sound and style. There's a good deal of the Nat Cole sound in his voice as well as some of Billy Eckstine, Al Hibbler, and myself. But none of us in toto. Here and there you'll hear a little bit of all of us, as if he assimilated the various sounds without becoming a slave to any one of them."

"I guess I must be his biggest booster," he confessed. "I just happen to believe he's got the best new singing voice today."

Since his wife, Nan, injured her back last April, Laine nowadays prefers to stay close to home. For this reason he currently is concentrating on television acting parts, is not at all interested in a television music series.

Why the preoccupation with acting and the shying from singing?

"It isn't that I don't want to keep

singing," he said. "That'd be silly. But I just don't want to travel for a while. And as for acting, a couple of summers ago I did the Sky Masterson role in *Guys and Dolls* and flipped. That began it. Now I'm up for the part of a stage manager in *The Billionaire* that looks fine to me."

"Guess I just love to act," he admitted, "and I'm looking forward to doing a lot of it from now on." Part of future acting plans include "a couple of shows on CBS, *Peter Gunn*; *Rawhide*, and *Have Gun, Will Travel*."

Laine, who very seldom records in New York, preferring to work out of Columbia Records' west coast headquarters, is working on a new album with arranger-cellist Fred Katz, who also wrote the arrangements for his last LP.

"Freddy is an extremely talented musician," he declared. "Three years ago I signed him to a contract and kept him on salary. Since then, he wrote a Las Vegas saloon act for me, and I used him on the *Steve Allen Show*. Right now, Fred and Jack Wilson are working on a musical play for me. It'll be about jazz—but that's all I can say at this point except to mention that it's going to be very unusual and awfully exciting."

While Laine's present avid interest in theater may be due to no small extent to the current low level of popular music, the singer is by no means a pessimist about the business in which he has won success.

"The only certain thing about the music business," Laine declared, "is that it's always changing. There's always a constant flux, nothing is static."

"We reached the bottom of the barrel some time back," concluded the singer, "and now there's nowhere to go but up."

THINGS

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There was a time when Chicago was a key jazz center. From the time the first New Orleans musicians arrived there through the period when the city was incubating—and sending forth—the Austin High gang and Gene Krupa, the city held its position of importance.

But in recent years, Chicago has been eclipsed as a jazz center. Or so it has seemed.

Yet to those who bother to look, there is still plenty happening in jazz. Next issue, *Down Beat* takes a broad look at jazz in Chicago, 1960.

The Price of Success

In one week of television programming recently the following shows were viewed by Mr. and Mrs. America: *The Red Skelton Show*, *The Dean Martin Show*, *Another Evening with Fred Astaire*, *The Bob Hope Show*, *The Jack Benny Show* and the filmed series, *Bonanza*. Astonishingly, music for all half-dozen programs was written by one man — David Rose.

Does this mean that Dave Rose has a monopoly on the television music emanating from Hollywood? Hardly. But it does mean that this veteran composer-conductor of light music (*Holiday for Strings*, *Dance of the Spanish Onion*) is not getting much sleep of late.

By some necromancy known only to himself, Rose manages to hop around to the orchestral podiums of more TV soundstages than perhaps any other conductor in Hollywood. And the resultant background music is generally worth more than merely a passing nod.

The strain of such a killing schedule as Rose tackles every week (though he is quick to emphasize that the six programs listed above are by no means typical or regularly worked on) was etched on the composer's face as he sat over lunch in the commissary of Paramount Pictures, fresh off the *Bonanza* soundstage.

"It's what can happen when you tape in advance," he shrugged. "Generally, you don't know the schedule of air dates, so when all six programs hit during the same week I'm sure people must wonder how one man could possibly work on all of them during a seven day period." Some of these programs, he added, were booked for him months in advance, so when time came for recording, it was panic all around.

Rose admits that television composers may indeed be writing them-

selves out, what with the unceasing demand for original music on TV soundtracks by those production firms not using "canned track." He points to this as the most dramatic evidence of the desperate need for new blood in the field.

So far as prevalent styles in television music is concerned (such as the jazzy cops 'n' robbers fad), Rose conceded that "the public is fickle. Who knows what'll be around in TV a couple of years from now?"

For the past 11 years, Rose has been music director of the Red Skelton radio and television programs, marking the longest association of its kind in the business. His association with M-G-M Records has been even longer — 13 years — and one of the latest products of the alliance is a little atomic instrumental recorded with Andre Previn on piano called *Like Young*, which recently won a Grammy award from the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

As soon as the television scoring panic lifts a bit, (there remain five more Hope shows to write for) Rose will go to work at M-G-M pictures on the underscore of the projected film, *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, a filmization of the Jean Kerr book.

Much of Rose's time is taken up with conducting orchestral concerts in cities throughout the nation. Consequently the conductor has very definite ideas on contemporary concert music of light nature.

"I don't think enough of this music is being written today," he said. "And this goes for contemporary classical music, too.

"Nobody writing today — at least among the younger composers — has a great gift for melody. It's all inharmonic and atonal without apparent direction."

Today's composers, Rose said, are not contributing light music of real lasting value. He stressed that new compositions with strong melodic content do not have to be "old, corny things with overworked cliches" in order to find acceptance.

In the classical area, he said, he did not know where the writers were hiding today. "They seem to have vanished; the young ones, anyway."

This paucity, then, in Rose's opinion, may well account for the dearth of important contemporary classical compositions. "Don't misunderstand me," he added, "a lot of music is being written today, but it doesn't seem as important as it used to be years ago. But then, the young composer today can't get his stuff played without beating his brains out in the attempt."

Despite the difficulties involved in

getting performance of new music, though, Rose was emphatic on the matter of continued and constant composition. "If we don't write this music now," he said, "who knows when it will become standard classical repertoire? After all, it takes 10, perhaps even 50 years for a 'new' composition to become a standard work."

With the age of stereophonic sound now in full bloom, Rose assessed the role of the composer in this area of recording.

"We know we can help the mixer (recording engineer) by orchestrating for stereo," he declared. "It's gotten to the point where the composer can actually mark mike numbers on the various section parts.

"But, in the last analysis, it's still up to the mixer to do a good stereo job."

Rose's only all-out effort in writing strictly for stereo sound was a *tour de force* called *Stereophonic March*, in which he deliberately employed effects calculated to sound spectacular on a stereo rig. "But," he shrugged, "that was only for commercial effect."

In the composer's opinion, the natural setup of an orchestra takes care of the stereo aspect of music reproduction. "When you think about it," he explained, "any composer automatically writes for stereo. The groupings of the sections within an orchestra normally take care of that.

"But don't bank on any composer writing a *symphony* for stereophonic sound — because it's not going to happen."

Rose today is somewhat removed from the struggle of classical composition. His position as a leading television composer takes care of that. And he finds relief from the grind of shuttling from show to show and studio to studio in making seaworthy a converted U.S. navy whaleboat in a quiet harbor on the coast south of Los Angeles. This is occupational therapy with a vengeance, for he personally installed engines (two twin diesels) and piping in the boat.

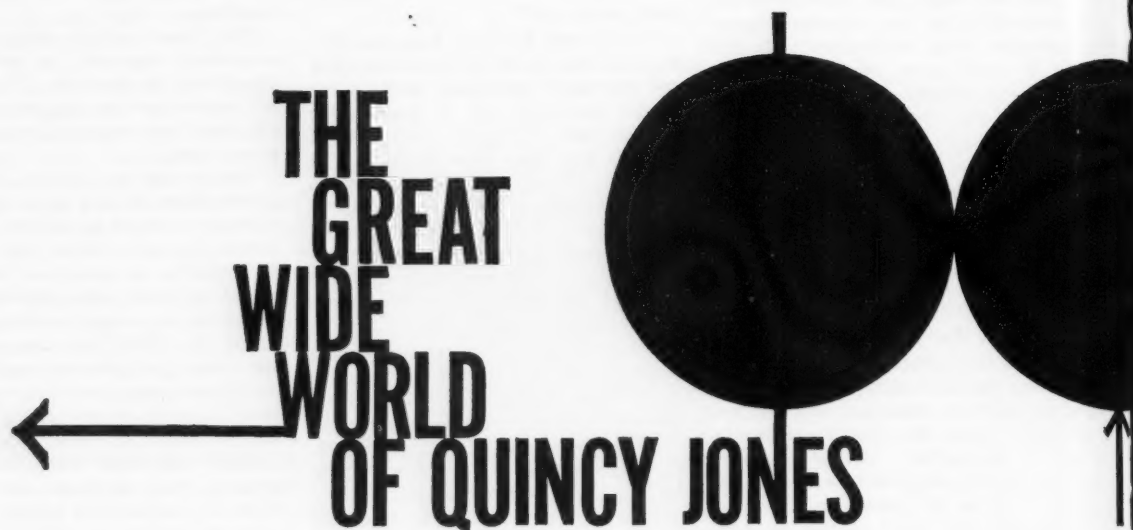
Ah Well!

Actress Judy Holliday and jazzman Gerry Mulligan, very much an "item" around Hollywood these days, are regularly making gossip columns with bits about their rehearsals for a new Capitol album they'll do together, and the like. The columns reached a summit—or nadir—of sorts, however, when the following comment was printed in a recent *Just for Variety* column in the trade paper *Daily Variety*:

"And yesterday Judy Holliday reported to Metro wardrobe to be fitted for asbestos panties for a *Bells Are Ringing* sequence in which her bustle catches fire—set by boy friend Gerry Mulligan."



THE GREAT WIDE WORLD OF QUINCY JONES



BY GENE LEES

One evening in the early summer of 1958 I went to an amusement park called Gronska Lund, on the outskirts of Stockholm, to hear the excellent altoist Arne Domnerus, one of Sweden's best. His orchestra was billed as a dance band, but they were playing jazz, very good jazz.

I chatted with the musicians between sets, and with one in particular, the friendly and loquacious trumpeter Bengt-Arne Wallin.

When the evening was over, and all the blond girls and their escorts were gone from the outdoor dance pavillion, and the musicians had packed their instruments away, Bengt-Arne and I walked out past the carousel and the games with some of the others, whose names he told me but whose Swedish sound defied my memory. They were talking about Quincy Jones. They said he would be in town tomorrow, and they were obviously excited about it. Bengt-Arne asked if I knew him; he seemed to assume I knew every musician in America. I said I did not.

"Then come with us tomorrow and meet him," he said.

"No thank you," I said.

"Why not?" he said.

I thought for a moment and said: "I hate to meet people for the mere sake

of meeting them." Then I added: "We would probably have nothing to say to each other."

It was for me sufficient that I knew and liked Quincy's music. I had no need or particular desire to know the man.

We left the park and I drove downtown, to my hotel. It was after midnight, but there was still light in the sky. There is only about an hour or so of darkness in Stockholm at that time of the year, and it is never a deep darkness.

In the morning, Olle Helander, director of jazz for Swedish radio, with whom I had struck up a friendship in a surprisingly short time, said that there was a band he wanted me to hear, both as an ensemble and because it contained virtually all the top jazz soloists in Sweden. It was the Swedish Radio Studio Orchestra, directed by Harry Arnold, and it was Olle's baby. He watched over it like a mother hen. The band was recording that day, and he arranged to pick me up and take me to the studio.

When we arrived at the studio — actually a movie studio, used occasionally for recording — the session was already under way. When we entered, the blasting sound of a superb big band struck us. They were playing Horace

Silver's *Doodlin'*. Suddenly the music stopped. "No, no, not like that, like this," someone said, and sang the part. "All right, let's do it again. Just one more time and we'll do it right."

Olle and I made our way over the tangle of cables on the floor. We sat down discreetly. The conductor, a slight, almost fragile-looking, and exceptionally handsome young Negro in a white cardigan sweater, was discussing something with one of the musicians. Then the band started again. It swung like mad. I saw Bengt-Arne in the trumpet section and he winked.

But I was intrigued mostly by the conductor. An unlit cigaret in his mouth, he conducted with his fingertips, his hips, his head, everything: he threw himself into the music with a strange combination of intense concentration and utter relaxation. He seemed to know exactly what he wanted.

"Who's that?" I asked Olle when the music ended.

"That's Quincy Jones," Olle said.

When the band took a break and we were listening to the stereo playbacks, Olle introduced me to Quincy. I asked him why he was doing so many retakes when a couple of simple splicings would eliminate the faults.

"I don't like to splice," he said. "I don't think it gives you the feel of live performance. I'll tolerate faults if the feeling is right." Later, I realized that remark was a clue to his character.

Then the band went back to work, doing retake after retake until the performance was up to the standard he was seeking. Quincy had been brought to Stockholm to do this one disc with the Swedish Radio Studio Orchestra. They weren't even going to use his name on the disc, a single which, two days after it was released, was to become a hit in Sweden. They just wanted his musician-ship.

In the next couple of days, Quincy and I found ourselves in the same company fairly often. He said he had got his real start as an arranger in Sweden — at a now-historic record date done with Art Farmer and the late Clifford Brown. They had been touring Sweden with Lionel Hampton's band, and one night Farmer and he and Clifford, who was one of his closest friends, did the disc in company with some of the Swedish jazz musicians. One of the charts Quincy had written for it was *Stockholm Sweetnin'*.

That disc, released in America on Prestige LP 167, was to be the turning point in Quincy's career as an arranger and composer. Indeed, Quincy is one of those American artists — Ernestine Anderson is another — who had to go to Sweden to be discovered. As a result, he had an enormous gratitude toward and liking for the Swedes. He considered Stockholm a sort of third home, since New York was his first home now, and Paris was his second. He had an immense respect for Swedish musician-ship. "Outside America, the Swedes are the world's best jazz musicians," he said. "And I don't understand what it is that makes them that way. But there it is."

Quincy had been living in Paris for some time. What was he doing there? Writing and acting as music director for Barclay Records, one of the bigger labels in France, particularly for jazz. He was also studying. With whom? I asked. With Nadia Boulanger, he said.

That evening, Quincy flew back to Paris, suggesting that I call when I got back to Paris, where I too was living. The Stockholm papers carried stories on his visit. One of them had half a page of pictures on him. Did American papers give jazz artists that kind of attention? someone asked me. I had to admit that they did not.

Some weeks later, I had an audience with Nadia Boulanger, arranged by a representative of the French government. I was in Europe to study and I was intensely curious about this remarkable woman, who has had perhaps more

influence on American classical music than any other living individual. It is hard to find an American contemporary composer of importance who has not studied with her. Aaron Copland was her first famous American protégé, and since then the stream of young Americans going to Fontainebleau to study with her has been unending. Roger Sessions studied with her. So did Leonard Bernstein.

She held court in her apartment, a strange yet charming place dominated by photos and sculptures of her dead sister. Considered one of the finest of all composition teachers, Mlle Boulanger has never been a composer herself. She is an enigma, one I didn't succeed in solving.

Yet if she was a puzzle, she was a delightful one. And if her devotion to her late sister had seemed morbid at

Personnel of the Quincy Jones Band

Jones, Benny Bailey, Clark Terry, Lennie Johnson, Floyd Standifer, trumpets; Aake Persson, Melba Liston, Quentin Jackson, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Julius Watkins, French horn; Porter Kilbert and Phil Woods, alto saxophones; Jerome Richardson, tenor, soprano, flute, and bass clarinet; Budd Johnson, tenor, soprano, and clarinet; Sahib Shihab, baritone and flute; Patricia Bown, piano; Les Spann, guitar and flute; Buddy Catlett, bass; Joe Harris, drums.

Billy Byers is accompanying the band as a sort of assistant to Jones. *Free and Easy* has now played Holland, and will open Feb. 15 in Paris, then go to Lausanne, Switzerland. It will play March 1-15 in Vienna. After that it will go to Berlin, Essen, and Hamburg. The run may be extended to include Tel Aviv, London, and possibly Moscow.

a distance, it did not seem so from close range. She simply thought her sister had had the makings of one of the great composers of our time, and was determined that what music she had written before her premature death would not go unrecognized.

I did not have the courage to ask Mlle Boulanger why she did not compose. Someone my age simply did not ask such questions of a woman her age, particularly when he had just met her, and particularly in Europe. I was content to sit with the others, in a half circle of chairs facing her, and hear her talk, sometimes in French and sometimes in excellent English.

She looked to be about 70—with delicately lined skin the texture of an exquisite paper—but she had the manner

of a young girl, and the enthusiasm. I asked her about it. "I do not feel old," she said. "I feel like a young woman in an old woman's body. I do not feel old inside."

When I left, I was a little awed. Rarely have I met a human being who impressed me as much. I could see why she would wield such an enormous influence over budding composers. And yet, I had learned nothing about *how* she worked. And then I remembered Quincy Jones, and that he was studying with her, and I telephoned him.

In the living room in the apartment on Boulevard Victor Hugo, in Neuilly-sur-Seine, the Paris suburb where Quincy was living, we sat and talked about Nadia Boulanger, while Quincy's wife, Jerri, remained quiet in a chair—knitting, as I recall.

"Some people have a great gift for communicating what they know," he said. "They're natural-born teachers. Nadia Boulanger is like that. And she inspires you. Maybe that's the most important thing. I think she loves teaching. And, man, what could be more creative than what she's done? Think of all the careers she's helped build."

Was Quincy himself planning to go into classical composition? "No," he said. "At least, not yet. I'm not ready for that."

What had he learned most from studying in Europe?

He thought for a moment. "The use of restraint in writing. That's what the French really have."

The conversation drifted after that. Quincy talked with that bubbling enthusiasm that was to become so familiar. He talked about Lambert-Hendricks-Ross and played me their first record, which I had never heard, then played some Clifford Brown and some Ray Charles records. He was enormously impressed by Charles, and went about his efforts to proselytize me with great vigor. Later, I understood that this was not only indicative of Quincy's concern with the roots of jazz, but that Charles was a definite influence on his writing. Ernie Wilkins, too, was one of his idols. He referred to him as "my uncle."

His little girl came in. Her name was Jolie — French for pretty. She was charming, and shy, and spoke more French than English from playing with French children. Charming? She was and is one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen. There was a picture of Quincy and Jolie together, in the water at Cannes, on the cover of a French magazine lying on a coffee table.

I looked over some of his arrangements, and saw where he worked: at an upright piano of ghastly modern



With Harry Edison



With Jolie

French design in one corner of the big, modern living room. I knew what rents were in Paris, and reflected that this place must have a heavy rent. It was just up the street from the American Hospital, in a district where many French movie stars live.

Quincy and his wife still maintained their apartment in New York, because he needed both to carry on his work on both sides of the Atlantic. He had to make about \$700 a month just to pay the rents.

I didn't see Quincy for a while. I went to Switzerland to the Zurich music festival, and when I got back I learned that he was in Monte Carlo for a few days, conducting an orchestra playing Nelson Riddle charts for Frank Sinatra. Kenny Clarke, a permanent resident of Paris, was playing drums on the date. The occasion was the world premiere of the film *Kings Go Forth*.

When he came back, he was full of enthusiasm for Sinatra—whom he found temperamental, at times difficult, but an artist of great stature. "I used to hear about him conducting, and I thought it was all baloney," Quincy said. "But I saw him doing it at rehearsal. And it's for real. He knows exactly what he wants from an orchestra. And he's a natural conductor. And when he went out on that stage, I loved him."

I saw Quincy a lot after that. I don't know why. Maybe it was because a friend of mine, a screenplay writer who is an arch-hypochondriac, was perpetu-

ally conning me into driving him over to the American Hospital. I found Quincy's a convenient place to wait for him. Besides, the company of Quincy and Jerri was quietly stimulating. Once the three of us made an informal pact to give up cigarets. We didn't make it.

I learned that Quincy was born in Chicago and reared in Seattle and that he had been on the verge of going on the road in the Lionel Hampton trumpet section when he was about 15. But Gladys Hampton—Hamp's wife—said he was only a baby and shouldn't go. Later he won a scholarship to the Berkeley School of Music in Boston. Before he finished, he had a second chance to go with Hamp. He took it, and married a home-town girl he had known for years. They were still in their teens.

Quincy wrote for the Hampton band. Some time after the Stockholm disc, he went out on his own. His reputation grew, and finally he made an LP for ABC-Paramount, called *This Is How I Feel About Jazz*.

Quincy told a funny story connected with the album: the picture on the back of the liner, showing him amid Greek ruins and looking disconsolate, was taken in Athens when he was with Dizzy Gillespie's big band (for which he had written and which he had rehearsed for Dizzy) on its Middle Eastern tour for the State Department. Quincy had fallen asleep in an outdoor barber's chair while getting a haircut. When he awoke, the man had also shaved him—but thoroughly. And so

there he sat in the photo, sans mustache and looking inconsolable and more than a little disgusted.

Quincy played a lot of vocal discs during those months in Paris. He had a sympathy for singers. He was at that time writing a lot of charts for French singer Henri Salvador, whose work gassed him. He played a tape by a singer I'd never heard. The guy was marvellous—rather like Nat Cole, but with an even softer, mistier voice, and with a superb musicality. The approach was rather like that of certain jazz trumpeters, and the singer did tricks with intonation and time that reflected an unbelievable assurance and skill.

"Who in the world is that?" I demanded.

Quincy laughed. "Me. Henri had to learn a tune in English and I did it to show him how the words should be pronounced."

"Man, you should do a vocal album with your own charts," I said.

"Maybe I will, some day," he said.

But he never has. And the public doesn't know what it is missing.

The summer passed. We talked of many things, from Andre Hodeir, to whom he introduced me, to Brigitte Bardot. How did she get into the conversations? Sacha Distel, the French guitarist, was going with her at the time, and Distel was a friend of Quincy's, and Bardot was perpetually in the club where he was playing. Quincy thought she was "kind of a nice

chick, not at all what you'd expect."

We talked too on the seemingly irresolvable subject of whether the Negro musician swings more than the white. Quincy was of the view that generally, there was this tendency. But he thought it was an environmental thing. "When you go to those church meetings and hear that handclapping, you get the beat drummed into you before you're 5 years old," he said.

But he was by no means dogmatic about it, or even very firm on it, and there were many white musicians for whom he had deep respect and admiration, including Zoot Sims.

Zoot was in town that week, and was going to work on a recording date with Quincy and Sarah Vaughan. Quincy was using the strings of the Paris Opera for the album, issued in America by Mercury under the title *Vaughan and Violins*. Two of the tunes they were to record were *Misty* and *The Midnight Sun Never Sets*. The latter had been written by Quincy and Henri Salvador (Salvador contributed the music for the bridge). It had first been recorded by the Swedish Radio Studio Orchestra with Arne Domnerus featured as soloist. (This version is available in this country on a Mercury LP titled *Quincy Jones plus Harry Arnold Equals Jazz*.) Olle Helander had suggested the tune's title, and someone had added lyrics.

Quincy suggested I go to the Vaughan recording session, but I said I couldn't: I had to go to London that weekend to see Robert Farnon, the arranger and composer. Quincy exploded in enthusiasm.

This seemed odd. Farnon is a screen and symphonic composer, best known to the public for a series of mood music albums on the London label. I have always loved them, finding much more than mere mood in them. But I had met too many jazz musicians whose range of interests is narrow, and I had forgotten for the moment that Quincy was no ordinary jazz musician, and so I expressed my surprise that he should be interested in Farnon's music.

"Are you kidding?" he said. "The arrangers in New York call him 'the Guv'nor.' Man, he came to New York a while ago and they threw a party in his honor. It was a huge apartment, but it was packed with people. Every arranger in New York was there. Somebody said that if you'd fired a bomb in the place that night, there wouldn't have been another note of music written in New York for five years. *Everybody* was there."

I was glad to find a fellow member of the Farnon fan club—though later I was to learn that it is by no means a small group. It includes such men as Andre Previn and Oscar Peterson, and

there is in New York a group of Farnonesque arrangers that is sometimes known as the "Farnon disciples."

Anyway, I had to go to London to see Farnon and couldn't make the Vaughan date.

I drove Quincy toward central Paris. He said he was getting ready to go back to America soon, that there was a lot he had to do there. He was thinking about forming a band. He said Jolie and Jerri were going on ahead of him.

He was on his way to mail some letters, and I let him out of the car at a post office. It was fall, and the first chill was in the air. Fall is the most beautiful time in Paris. I shook hands with him, because we had both acquired the French habit, and said good-bye. I said I'd call when I got back from England, but I stayed there longer than I had expected, and when I got back, Quincy had left for New York.

In January of 1959, after a year's study on leave from the *Louisville Times*, I came home. On the boat I thought about Quincy, and the improbability that our paths would ever cross again. I was saddened by the reflection.

In mid-March of 1959, I was named managing editor of *Down Beat*. Two days after I arrived in Chicago, Mercury Records told me that Quincy Jones had done an album for them, (*The Birth of a Band*), that he was forming a big band, and that he was in town that day to do a series of interviews with disc jockeys and others. Did I want to see him?

"Do I?" I said. "Where is he staying?"

They gave me the hotel number. I called, anticipating how I'd put him on the telephone, not telling him who it was. He didn't even know I was back in America. But I hadn't said five words before he recognized the voice, gave a chuckle, and said "What're you doing at *Down Beat*?"

With my surprise completely deflated, I demanded, "But how did you find out? I know rumor travels fast in the music business, but *this* is ridiculous!"

"Ralph Gleason told me last night in San Francisco."

The occasion called for a drink. For a dinner. We had both.

Quincy made me aware in the next few weeks of the incredible casualness with which people in the music business use the long distance telephone. He'd call just to chat, or talk about the band he was forming. Sometimes he'd start the conversation in French, as a gag. But he speaks French with a horrendous accent, and it's unmistakable, and I could spot his voice faster in French than in English.

Gradually, I began to count on his

phone calls, to look forward to them. I was becoming aware of many, many things, and not all of them were pleasant, and I found myself looking to Quincy for information and explanation. On the one hand, I felt the warmth and honest camaraderie of the jazz world. On the other, I felt the Florentine subsurface of danger—of put-downs, and cliques, and special interests, and twisted thinking.

But worst of all, I was becoming hypersensitive to the race situation. I had once thought it simple: jazz was the one field of honest fellowship. I was finding out that this was not true, and I was staring Jim Crow in its vicious face.

I was learning about segregated locals of the American Federation of Musicians—more than 40 of them in the United States. I was getting to know Chicago musicians on both the north and south side, and found that not only was there little cross-pollination of ideas going on, but the two groups hardly knew each other. I was learning how hard it is for the Negro musician to get studio work, and how mixed groups have broken up because of trouble with bookings. I found it terribly depressing. One night, when Quincy called, I told him I thought I'd had it: it was more than I could take.

"Don't be ridiculous, man," he said. "If people like you chicken out, who's going to fight it?"

In subsequent weeks, Quincy became a tremendous source not only of fact and sensible opinion about jazz and those who create it, but of strength as well.

I saw him next at Newport, with Milt Jackson and Jerri. He had shaved off his mustache. He had decided that when he took his band out, he wanted to look young, so the young audiences could more readily find an identification with the band. This was typical of his attention to subtle detail. Under his warmth and gentleness, there was a flinty shrewdness.

Jerri was teasing him about the removal of the mustache. She said it made him look so young—which it did; he looked 18—that she was embarrassed to walk down the street with him. People would think she was robbing the cradle.

Shortly after Newport, the three of us spent an evening together in New York. He introduced me to a number of things of real beauty, not the least of which was Jerri's cooking. And Jolie—Jolie had grown if anything even prettier. But she had forgotten all her French already.

That night we sprawled on the floor of Quincy's study in the 92nd St. apartment, listening to Ravel's *Daphnis and*

Chloe, the orchestration spread out on the floor, and Quincy shaking his head in appreciation. I asked him to play the *Vaughan and Violins* album, which I had never heard. At one passage in the woodwinds, I said, "Hey! You got that from Farnon!"

"I did like hell," he said, laughing. "We both got it from Ravel."

The next time I talked to Quincy in a state of depression, it was not Jim Crow but Crow Jim that had me down. I had just come back from Monterey, where I thought I felt a distinct draft. Certain white musicians told me that they had felt it too.

Felt what? An indefinable and very subtle condescension of some Negro musicians toward the white musicians, a vaguely patronizing air.

I told Quincy that Crow Jim disgusted me as much as its converse. I said that it seemed to me that there was a certain element in jazz that professed to want equality, but *really* wanted revenge. And these few dangerous individuals were trying to downgrade the white, not lift the status of the Negro. It seemed to me that they were like that type of woman who tries to prove her intellectual and social equality by the constant belittling of her man. And all that such women succeeded in doing, as a rule, was to build bigger barriers.

But the most distasteful thing about Crow Jim, I said, was that in a certain sense it was insulting to the Negro. And finally, the idea was downright dangerous.

To argue that the Negro musician had a natural edge over the white was to help perpetuate the idea

that Negroes and whites are basically different. And that idea could be twisted to evil ends, and it opened the way for white bigots to compare the allegedly superior talent of the Negro for jazz to the ability of a trained seal to balance balls on his nose, and to argue that in other areas the Negro was an inferior breed of man. This in turn paved the way for everything from segregation to gas ovens and extermination camps. Maybe I was hypersensitive, but one of the things I did in Europe was to make a pilgrimage to the ruins of the Belsen concentration camp. The massive graves, each containing a thousand bodies, left a permanent scar in me. And when I felt the draft of Crow Jim, I sometimes remembered the lonely song of the wind in the pines at Belsen.

And even if that interpretation were exaggerated, the Crow Jim idea seemed to me still to be dangerous. Even if you made your point that you thought this was due to sociological, environmental factors, it could still backfire. If the Negro, because of a greater lack of inhibition and reticence in his playing, were capable of a stronger and more earthy jazz, could it not be argued that he lacked the refinement and restraint for *classical* music? And what would that do to the argument of those who are annoyed that there are few Negroes in American symphony orchestras?

This was not to deny a difference between jazz as it is *usually* played by Negro groups and jazz as it is *usually* played by white groups, or to deny that there was an identifiable Negro tradition and continuing core to jazz. But it was to decry a tendency to make the breach wider, and to make impossible the mutual musical fertilization that a

de-emphasis on the differences could produce, and, above all, it was to decry a tendency of certain opportunists in jazz to exploit the difference for their own ends — whether those ends were economic or neurotic.

Thus, no matter how you looked at it, a constant drumming on the racial idea in music was treacherous. And I was very disturbed by it that night on the phone. I do not know how clearly I expressed my feelings on it. But I said that it seemed to me the friction was getting worse, not better.

"It's *not* getting worse," Quincy said. "This problem is something we're all going to have to live with, but the situation is getting better, not worse. I hear a lot of talk about it, too, but that's all to the good. The whole thing is out in the open now, where we can all see it, and deal with it."

We talked about it for quite a while. Quincy convinced me that the situation was indeed getting better. Still, even now, my optimism is cautious.

We talked about Quincy's new band then. He was lining up some remarkable talent for it. It was to be a name orchestra, almost completely. Quincy planned to use such musicians as Clark Terry, Jerome Richardson, Phil Woods, Melba Liston, and a pianist from Seattle named Patricia Bown. I told Quincy no one could ever accuse him of racial bias: he was using two women in the band.

I looked forward to the band's opening date with eager interest. It was scheduled to start its national tour in Chicago, and Jerri was coming with him. Then, shortly before the opening,



he called again. There had been a change of plans.

Quincy was to write the charts for the Johnny Mercer-Harold Arlen musical *Free and Easy*. What's more, his band was to play the score, and on top of that, the musicians would actually appear onstage, as part of the cast, in costume. Some of them would even have lines. And most fabulous of all, the show was to open in Europe. The company would tour the continent for six months, ironing out whatever wrinkles there were in the show, and then return to America for a further tour before opening on Broadway.

Things seemed to move very quickly after that. As Quincy got more and more involved in the show, our chats became less frequent. As word got around the business that this band was to get the most remarkable kickoff any new band ever had—a year's guaranteed work and a tour of Europe in the bargain—musicians all over the country manifested interest. One of the members of the Count Basie band told me he'd love to go, but he understood Quincy wouldn't take anybody from Basie's band. That seemed strange. I told Quincy about it. I asked him if he wanted the man.

"No, sir!" he said emphatically. "I won't touch anybody from the Basie band! Basie's been good to me, man, and I don't forget those things."

Not long after that, plans for the show were completed, and the band left. The show opened to rave reviews for the band, somewhat less enthusiastic reviews for the show. But that's what Europe was intended to be: the place to iron out the show.

What Quincy's future plans are, I

can't say. He never talks about his plans until they are well on the way to fruition. He wants to write a Broadway musical, as well as just scoring one. And he once said something that is perhaps significant. "All the musicians moan about the level of American popular music, but *all* they do is moan about it. They wouldn't think of going *into* it to improve it. Well *I'm* going into it. I don't want my band advertised as a jazz band, even though it is. I don't want to scare the kids off. I want to try to do something about popular music."

He probably will. Everything seems to come easily to Quincy. The legendary struggles and heartaches of show business and music have never been his. He has achieved a position of remarkable eminence—and he's only 26!

I once asked him why there had been so few hassles in his life. He said he didn't know. And then, after thinking about it a moment, he added: "It is probably because I never do anything, never make a move or an advance in my career, until I am sure I am ready and prepared for it."

Yet there is one slight storm cloud on the horizon: I smell a put-down coming. I strongly suspect that Quincy is going to have the experience of every jazz musician who commits the cardinal sin of becoming successful and making money: there are those who will find excuses to belittle his music.

I said something about it to one musician. "Don't worry," he said, "they won't get at him. He's become too big for them to hurt."

I saw the put-down tendency satirized beautifully by Harry (Sweets) Edison. It was shortly after Quincy and the band

left for Europe. Barbara Gardner, who contributes articles periodically to *Down Beat*, introduced me to Sweets, who later told me she had mentioned my relationship with Quincy beforehand. "I'm gonna put him on," Sweets told her. And he did.

He mentioned Quincy to me. "Quincy," he said with a tone of enormous contempt, "ain't nothin'."

Instantly there was fire in my eye. "What do you mean by that?" I demanded. And then I caught the mischief in his expression, and I knew there was something afoot. "Say," I said, "hasn't Quincy had you on a lot of his record dates? And there's something else I remember too. Didn't you teach him trumpet or something like that?"

Sweets grinned then. "I wouldn't say that, exactly. I showed him a few little things on the horn. He was only a little kid then. That was in Seattle."

Sweets reminisced about Quincy, for whom he had an affection that was almost grandfatherly. "When that boy puts something on paper, you know it's gonna sound right," he said. "And what's more, he's one of the cleanest, nicest people in the business."

I told Sweets about the time I said I had no desire to meet Quincy because we would probably have nothing to say to each other. He chuckled.

Later, as I was leaving, he held me back for a moment and the mischief returned to his expression. "Are you gonna be in touch with Quincy?" he said.

"Probably."

"All right," he said, "next time you talk or write to him, you tell him I said he ain't nothin' since he got rich."

db



nothing new in QUINCY, BUT.....

Bill Mathieu is a young (22) Chicago arranger who spent 1959 as a staff writer for the Stan Kenton orchestra. For three months of '59, he played trumpet with the orchestra as well. An album of his arrangements by the Kenton orchestra, titled *Silhouettes of Standards*, is due for release by Capitol in the next few months.

Mathieu is not new to the writing of words, however. Born into a publishing family — his father retired recently as publisher of the *Farm Quarterly*, *Writer's Digest*, and *Writer's Yearbook* — he wrote music criticism all through his years as a student at the University of Chicago.

This perceptive criticism on the music of Quincy Jones is his first appearance in *Down Beat*.

By BILL MATHIEU

Wherever there is an artistic tradition, there are artists within it who are *culminators* (those who take what has been said in the past and re-say it more completely than anyone before them) and there are artists who are *innovators* (those who break from the tradition which spawned them). Both kinds of artists are rare, but the culminators are the rarest, for it is through them that a culture's expression reaches its highest point of maturity.

Among a culminator's attributes must be empathy and respect for tradition, clairvoyance, and simple good taste. It is the last quality — taste — that is the most difficult to come by.

Now jazz is largely a music of immediate, sensual, emotional release, especially Negro jazz, which is generally less restrained, more flamboyant. The value of Quincy Jones lies in this: he has come up with the perfect combination—a tasteful, culminative application of the elements of a tradition rich in its unrestrained emotional appeal.

Quincy Jones is, both by his own description and by the nature of his music, a culminator rather than an innovator. His music contains nothing new; rather, it contains nearly *everything* of value that has been done before.

But this viewpoint, even coupled as it is with his excellent taste, is not enough to make his music as good as it is. The deciding factor is that Quincy is not only *of* but also *beyond* his tradition; beyond, I believe, because he has more information, a greater knowledge, a farther horizon, than most of the men who created that idiom from which he draws. These are the qualities (as I mentioned) which allow an artist to become the ultimate expression of his history.

SOME MUSICAL EVIDENCE

Listen to *Whisper Not* (a beautiful piece, analysis or no analysis) on Quincy's *Birth of a Band* album (Mercury MG 20444). Right after the normal exposition of the tune, there is what seems at first to be a little coda orchestrated for unison saxes and cup-muted trumpet, a perfect instrumental echo of Zoot Sims' sound. Then Sims begins to play, and what we thought was a kind of coda now is seen to have been an opening of the door for the soloist, an ideal bridge between the written counterpoint of the exposition and the improvised homophony of the development. But the beauty lies not so much in the

device as in the rapport between the improviser and the writer's interpretation of the improviser.

Here is another example, more lovely than the first and proportionately more difficult to describe. First listen to Clifford Brown's solo on *Stockholm Sweetnin'* (Prestige LP 167). Then listen to the same tune on the big band recording (ABC-Paramount 149). On the latter disc, with infinite reverence, Clifford's earlier solo is orchestrated. If there has ever been a synthesis between the emotional freedom of jazz on the one hand and cerebral, conscious, esthetic control on the other, here it is. The result is the last word to be said from either point of view.

HOW TO GO COMMERCIAL WITHOUT LOSING YOUR MIND

When a truly good writer has to write a commercial arrangement, even if the *content* of the music is terrible, the results are usually worth listening to. Strangely enough, Quincy's commercial writing shows off his technical skills to better advantage than does his serious work. His orchestration abilities are prodigious. For a lesson in commercial (or any) orchestration listen to the record he made with Eddie Barclay's band in France (United Artists UAS 6023). The combinations of timbres, the balance of the instruments, the great concern for the musical integrity of each voice (try to pick out the second or third harmony parts to see what I mean), the careful unfolding of the arrangements, all these are most recognizable in this particular album. Another thing which makes this record especially valuable to arrangers is that there are very few improvised solos — that is, the written arrangement must sustain interest over an extended period of time. Any arranger who has suffered the pain that this problem can cause will be interested in Quincy's settings of these 10 insipid French popular songs.

so?

In all of Quincy's writing there is not one sound that has not been heard dozens of times before. In fact, the very essence of his work becomes clear when we realize that what we are hearing is not a new invention, but a fresh reiteration of the past, a distillation of what has gone before. Because of this culminative approach, this composer means more to us than pleasant diversion. Those of us who are interested in the historical development of jazz can discern in this music a summing up, a tying together of many loose ends, a step altogether necessary before the next forward step occurs.

All is not praiseworthy in the writing of Quincy Jones. There are many breaches of taste (horrid ending chords, for example) many overworked, meaningless clichés (orchestrated pyramids built on perfect fourths). But the amazing thing is that his work misses the mark so seldom.

It is impossible to say whether Quincy Jones will continue his career from this present point of view. There is something in his music, some kind of restlessness, uneasiness, which suggests that the culminator and the innovator will be realized in the same man. Perhaps some day Quincy will begin to feel the weight of the chains which bind him to his tradition. Perhaps not. But whatever his future, he has already done the world a service.

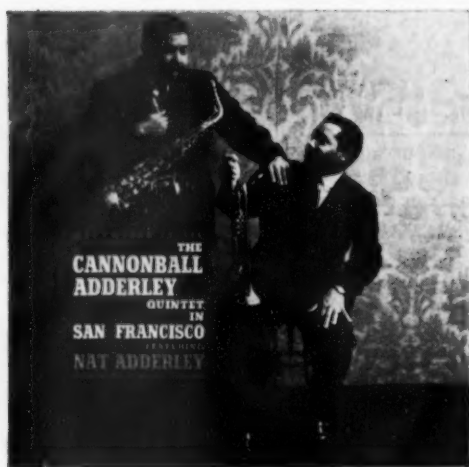


1



One is for **THELONIOUS MONK**, that truly unique jazz giant, and also indicates that his latest on **Riverside** is a completely solo flight. Ten brilliant, introspective, witty and—as always—fascinating piano essays. Recorded on the West Coast, it includes Monk classics, new tunes, and at least one real surprise (dig “There’s Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie”). **THELONIOUS ALONE IN SAN FRANCISCO** (RLP 12-312; Stereo LP 1158)

2



Two is for **The CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet and the great Bobby Timmons tune, “This Here” (pronounced: Dish’eah—or somethin’ like that), is helping make the group’s first album a sensational best-seller. Recorded ‘live’ at San Francisco’s famed **JAZZ WORKSHOP**, the LP captures all the warmth, soul, and excitement of the new band everyone’s flipping for. **THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO** (RLP 12-311; Stereo LP 1157)

3



Three is for **BLUE MITCHELL**’s third **Riverside** album. And all indications are that this one hits the jackpot! For on this LP the richly talented young trumpet man really comes into his own as a major figure, in a remarkable display of forceful, sensitive, truly soulful jazz. Wynton Kelly, Philly Joe Jones, and Jimmy Heath (a tenor man to watch, in his **Riverside** debut), Blue makes this a record to remember. **BLUE SOUL** (RLP 12-309; Stereo LP 1155)

ON RIVERSIDE

OUT OF MY HEAD



By George Crater

It drugs me to be weak-willed but I'm afraid I have to break my one New Year's resolution and mention Ornette Coleman again. The latest wild and wooley Ornette Coleman story going around town is that Leonard Bernstein dropped into the Five Spot to hear Ornette, dug a set, and was so flipped by the music that he raced up to Ornette and hugged him. I'm sorry, but this wild display of affection proves only one thing to me . . . *you can't take Leonard Bernstein anyplace nice!*

You know, certain people, although famous and successful in one profession, *look* like they should be doing something else in life. I've been digging this for years and made a few notes on what I think certain cats *should* be doing.

1. Terry Gibbs: Holding up candy stores
2. Gerry Mulligan: Cashier at a blood bank
3. Bill Potts: Playing *The Big Fisherman*
4. Paul Desmond: *Assistant* cashier at a blood bank
5. Tony Scott: Playing opposite Nita Naldi
6. Duke Ellington: Manager at the Radio City Music Hall
7. Ted Heath: Social worker at Buckingham Palace
8. Shelly Manne: Interviewer at a loan company
9. Sonny Payne: Riding at Santa Anita
10. Eddie Costa: *Supervisor* of cashiers at a blood bank
11. Nat Pierce: Star of television tooth-paste commercials
12. Toots Thielemans: Spying for a foreign power
13. Cannonball Adderley: *Owner* of a blood bank
14. Nat Adderley: *Brother* of the owner of a blood bank
15. Mort Sahl: Wearing sweaters and telling intellectual jokes

The *Down Beat* people were really nice to me at Christmas. Just what I always wanted . . . *a subscription!*

Jackie Paris tells the story about a car-load of jazz musicians leaving California for New York while at the same time, a car-load of jazz musicians in New York are leaving for the coast. The two cars meet at the halfway point and as they pass each other the windows roll down and the cats start waving at each other in a frantic-like warning: *Go back! Go back!* You see, one car is leaving from California and at the same time a . . . oh forget it, this is the kind of story, not only you *hadda* be there—you *hadda* be juiced out, too!

It's a shame about the Crosby Brothers . . .

When word came out that Ira Gitler is planning to write the Buck Hammer biography, *His Eye Is on the*

Shot Glass, I felt I, too, should tell what little I do know about Buck and of the one time I met and talked with him, in his shack-like home just outside of Glen Springs, Ala. I was introduced to Buck by Pierce Arrow, jazz editor of *Field & Stream* magazine. Pierce was working on the 346-installment *Story of Jazz* article for his magazine and he invited me to go with him on the Buck Hammer interview. Buck was a strange man; quiet, moody, humorless, thoughtless . . . yet, when he sat down at the piano, he changed completely . . . he became *loud*, moody, humorless and thoughtless. Much comment has been made on Buck's ability to *get-all-over* the keyboard. No, Buck didn't have three hands, just the conventional two. Although on several occasions he was known to have hired a small, greasy, little boy to help him out on a few runs. Many thought Buck illiterate, but this is wrong. Buck Hammer was an educated man, an intelligent man, a man always searching, studying, reading, probing, goofing. I'll never forget Buck's profound statement when I asked him if he'd ever studied piano. *Mind your own damn business, you pushy fink fruit*, he said. Many jokes have gone around about Buck; *he never really existed; he was really Red Buttons; he's just a figment of Menasha Skulnick's imagination; he's really Jules Fink in drag*; fine, let people have their silly jokes, their little chuckles, but the fact remains, and I know it to be a fact, the passing away of Buck Hammer in a small town in Alabama was just a tragic loss for the entire music industry. If it weren't for the awareness of Hanover Records and Buck's brother; Sidney Hammer, the world today would have no memory of Buck Hammer to cherish, and for this we are in their debt. *How much do I owe you, Sidney?*

Down Beat is set to market a full line of Zoot Finster Neck Straps as well as the now-popular Leonard Feather Blindfolds . . .

deebie's scrapbook # 29



"Don't look now, Frank, but Tonto's laying his ax on you!"

ED SHERMAN

in review

- Records
- Blindfold Test
- Jazz Record Buyers Guide
- Caught in the Act

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, George Hoefer, John A. Tynan, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers. Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. **M** means monaural, **S** means stereo.

CLASSICS

Galli-Curci

THE ART OF GALLI-CURCI, Vol. 2—Caden CAL-525: Side 1 (arias and duets from Bellini operas): *Come per me sereno*; *Sovra il sen la man mi posa*; *Son geloso del zeffiro*; *Ah! Non credea mirarti* from *La Sonnambula*; *Son vergin pezzosa*; *Qui la voce sua soave* from *I Puritani*. Side 2 (arias and duets from Donizetti operas): *Verranno a te sull' aurore*; *Il dolce suono*; *spargi d'amaro pianto* (mad scene) from *Lucia di Lammermoor*; *O luce di quest' anima* from *Linda di Chamounix*; *Quel guardo il cavaliere*; *Tornami a dir che m'ami* from *Don Pasquale*.

Personnel: Amelita Galli-Curci, coloratura soprano; Tito Schipa, tenor (in three selections).

Rating: ★★★★★

Occasionally, in discussions of singing, some devout believer in Progress will scoff at the idea that today's best artists are not up to the standards of the past. At such times, it helps to have on hand a record like this one by Galli-Curci. The point is not merely that this phenomenal voice knocks off D-flats as if they were A's—vocal gymnastics are only the beginning of the matter.

The amazing feature of such a voice as this to modern ears is the ease with which it produces its unbroken flow of gorgeous sound. This was what bel canto meant to our elders. It is hard to go back to listening to the present generation of bleaters and screamers after exposure to Galli-Curci and Tito Schipa, who sounds greater in these few duets than he does in some records on which he sings solo.

Victor's engineers are experts in exhuming the vocalists of past eras, but they have outdone themselves this time. The band sounds as if it were under water, as usual, but the voices are all there, not only on pitch but with admirable color, too. (D.H.)

Bernstein-Shostakovich

SHOSTAKOVITCH Symphony No. 5, Op. 47—Columbia ML-5445.

Personnel: Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic.

Rating: ★★★★★

Here is one of the best records Bernstein & Co. ever has got out. The sound, even in monaural, is tremendously exciting without being grotesque (the miking is so close that the musicians may be heard turning the pages at times).

The Shostakovich, of course, is the work that the Philharmonic rehearsed all over Europe, the Middle East, and Russia during its recent tour, and its performance here is the best to be found on records in terms of vitality, power, and recording excellence. The Rodzinski and Stokowski versions find different things to stress but for many persons, this will be the Shostakovich *Fifth* on records. (D.H.)

Monteux-Ravel

RAVEL *Daphnis et Chloe* (complete ballet)—London CS-6147.

Personnel: Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Royal Opera House (Covent Garden) Chorus.

Rating: ★★★★★

This music is familiar in the concert hall and on records in the form of two suites or series of fragments from the complete ballet. In that form, however, much of the sensual beauty of the score is lost because of the elimination of the choral background, which subtly changes the entire sense of the music at times.

Monteux' presentation is in keeping with the more evocative and less spectacular mood of the complete score. Some listeners will find it shy of the supercharged manner they are familiar with, but this, nevertheless, is an excellent version of Ravel's masterpiece. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Louis Bellson

THE BRILLIANT BELLSON SOUND—Verve MG V 2123: *Drum Foolery*; *It's Music Time*; *Blast Off*; *Don't Be That Way*; *The Hawk Talks*; *Summer Night*; *Satin Doll*; *It Don't Mean a Thing*; *Speak Low*; *You Are My Lucky Star*; *So Long Blues*.

Personnel: Bellson, drums; John Audino, Guido Basso, Ralph Clark, Fred Thompson, trumpets; Earl Swope, Nick DiMaio, Juan Tizol, trombones; Herb Geller, Nick Nichols, George Perry, Aaron Sachs, Oliver Nelson, saxophones; Joe DeAngelis, French horn; Eddie Diamond, piano; Truck Parham, bass; Lawrence Lucie, Tony Razzi, guitars; Jack Arnold, boo bam, vibes.

Rating: ★★★★★

There's a lotta drums on this LP—in both quantity and quality. Bellson is a splendid percussionist, but he does tend to be a bit on the enthusiastic side, to the point of distraction. He has solo space and/or breaks on every track and even plays intros on seven of the tunes.

The group he assembled for this date is a good one, and they kick the stuffings out of arrangements. The scores are by some of the best men writing for big bands today: Bob Florence, Ernie Wilkins, Marty Paich, Jack Arnold, Aaron Sachs, Eddie Diamond, and Bellson. *Blast Off*, scored by Sachs, is the most effective.

The boo bams get a strange sound—wooden and hollow—and add a novel twist to the band. After a while, however, their clicking and clacking become disturbing.

While the major emphasis is on the blasting ensembles, there are a few solos to be heard. The most satisfying soloist is Basso, whose fine trumpet work should be heard more often.

If you like big, brassy sounds in the swing tradition and much, much drums, you'll like this LP for sure. (D.DeM.)

Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis

COOKBOOK VOLUME II—Prestige 7161: *The Rev.*; *Stardust*; *Skillet*; *I Surrender Dear*; *The Broilers*.

Personnel: Eddie Davis, tenor; Jerome Richardson, flute; Shirley Scott, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is a collection of blues and ballads in which Eddie Davis demonstrates his ability to swing his associates along in a deep groove and, on the ballads, to play lyric interpretations dripping with sentimentality.

Miss Scott blows horn-like on the organ and Jerome Richardson contributes the most satisfying solos on the LP with his flute. The rhythm section is excellent.

This sort of music is fine for background, late night, and party-jazz listening. There's nothing wrong with it at all (it's well done, if a bit overcooked) but it is merely more of the same, so to speak. The only surprise on the LP is a touch of Sonny Rollin in Davis now and then. (R.J.G.)

Mercer Ellington

COLORS IN RHYTHM—Coral CRL 57293: *Coral Rock*; *Maroon*; *Cherry Pink*; *Mood Indigo*; *Dawn of a Greenhorn*; *Black and Tan Fantasy*; *Azure*; *Blue Serge*; *Aqua-tonic*; *The Moon Was Yellow*; *Golden Cress*; *Little White Lies*.

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Harold Baker, Clark Terry, trumpets; John Sanders, Britt Woodman, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Russell Procope, alto saxophone, Japanese flute; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Hal Ashby, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Jones, piano; Billy Strayhorn, celeste; Gus Johnson, drums; Wendell Marshall, bass; Les Spann, guitar, flute.

Rating: ★★★★★

A curious LP, this. Better than it's predecessor, full of good music, well played, sometimes even inspired and always well recorded but somehow lacking that extra quality.

It poses many questions, among them once again the role of Duke Ellington (it's his son's fate to be his son) and the curious fact that all of the Ellington sidemen, great as they are, lose a little when not under the direct control of the Duke himself.

Yet in this context, the Ellington sidemen are what save this from being just another big-band date. This band achieves the character it has from the solos by the Ellington stalwarts and from them alone. A few years in the Ellington band really teaches a musician how to take a solo, and it is evident here. Hodges, for instance, sounds perfectly lovely, and so does Carney. As for the over-all sound of the band, it's big, full, and swingy, and when old musical scenes are encountered, they are placed in a new perspective. It wears well, too, again more for the quality of the soloists. All in all a pleasant album with many good points. (R.J.G.)

Linton Garner

Garner Plays Garner—Enrica 2001: *Dexterity*; *Fancy Loving You*; *To My Liking*; *Easily*; *Gar-*

Her Come Lately; Tent Meetin'; Wistfully Yours; Fat Girl; Alone in My Teepee; Hoppin' Along; Brother Boggie.
 Personnel: Linton Garner, piano; Al Hall, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Big Brother Garner as heard in this album lacks the fire and individuality that made the name Garner so well known. It is to Linton's credit, however, that he chose his own row to hoe and did not take the obvious commercial route by aping Erroll's style. But as admirable as this may be, it cannot make sparkling the ponderous and pallid playing that Linton has chosen as his own.

He uses big, full chords; but juicy chords without that little rhythmic edge and conceptual abandon found in the better jazzmen means nothing. Perhaps he's hogtied by his own familiar-sounding originals. The LP would have been enhanced, probably, by the inclusion of a couple of standards as frames of reference, since it is very difficult to get a complete picture of an unfamiliar musician from originals alone.

Hall and Crawford are integrated with Garner nicely, suggesting that some thought went into the album; if these two, especially Hall, had been given some blowing room, perhaps the album would have been more interesting.

Maybe in his next release, Linton Garner will display a special quality or fire that is hidden here. (D. DeM.)

Stan Getz

■ IMPORTED FROM EUROPE—Verve MG V-8331: *Bengt's Blues; Honeysuckle Rose; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Topsy; Like Someone in Love; Speak Low; Stockholm Street.*

Personnel: Getz, Erik Nordstrom, Bjarne Noren, tenor saxophones; Benny Bailey, trumpet; Aske Persson, trombone; Lars Gullin, baritone saxophone; Bengt Hallberg or Jan Johansson, piano; Gunnar Johnson, bass; William Schioppfe, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Getz sounds as if he is enjoying his expatriate life. He has reaped the benefits of relaxed living without becoming complacent about his playing. He has that steady flow of ideas that always has marked his work; his country squire life hasn't robbed him of his swing and drive.

Here he is surrounded by some of Sweden's finest musicians. Hallberg and Gullin, among the best known for the longest time, distinguish themselves, although Gullin's sound, at times, makes him seem as if he is suffering from mal de mer. Hallberg is exciting in his own *Blues*; Persson is effective here, too, and Getz really cuts loose. Ex-expatriate Benny Bailey, who is now a member of Quincy Jones' band, reminds of Clark Terry in places but with a smaller, tighter sound.

On the debit side, there are some arrangements that in their simplicity succeed only in being dull. Gullin's *Stockholm Street* is a beautiful exception to this and is reminiscent of his writing for an octet that was heard on Prestige back in the days of the *New Sounds from Sweden* series on a 10-inch LP.

U. S. musicians who visit Europe always complain about the rhythm sections. This one is good except for Schioppfe on *Rose*. He gets so busy that the sound of his drums approximates a 33⅓ played at 45. This doesn't deter Getz at all, but it is annoying to the listener. Stan, for his part, rates more than ★★★★★ on this album. (I.G.)

Benny Golson

■ GROOVIN' WITH GOLSON—New Jazz 8220: *My Blues House; Drumboogie; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; The Stroller; Yesterdays.*

Personnel: Golson, tenor saxophone; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Ray Bryant, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

So much has been said and written about Golson's skill as a writer of late that we run the risk of forgetting at times that he's a very swinging tenor man.

Golson seems aware of this situation and appears determined to be accepted as an instrumentalist as well as a writer. He makes his point strongly in this album. There are no arrangements, aside from simple unison leads, to detract from the blowing; the end effect is an LP that stands up under many playings.

Golson puts me in mind of John Coltrane with just a touch of Ben Webster, but I find him more exciting than the former and more complex than the latter. His highly charged and provocative blowing is arresting on all the tracks but particularly so on *Blues House*; his solo builds through a long series of choruses to a complicated and searing climax. One nega-

tive criticism: he has a tendency to become, at times, more excited than exciting, leading to an overuse of technique at the expense of cogency.

In this album, Fuller destroys my previous feeling concerning his work, i.e., that he has great technical ability but lacks emotional warmth. Facility he has, but coldness he has not, at least not here. Although all his solos are very good, he reaches an extremely high level of performance on *Stroller* and *Yesterdays*.

What else can be said about Bryant? His lean, clean, sometimes mean playing is the most constantly satisfying thing in jazz today. Maybe some sort of monument should be erected. . .

Blakey and Chambers shuck all the way. Both have some solo space; both use it well. Chambers has an outstanding arco bit on *Stroller*, which should add even more weight to the widely held opinion that he's the most important bassist to come along in recent years. Blakey's marvelous sense of time sparkles like a diamond in his solos and fours on *Drumboogie* and *Stroller*. Interesting thought: does Blakey pay a subtle compliment to Gene Krupa on *Drumboogie*? Listen to

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of jazz record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Charlie Byrd, *Byrd in the Wind* (Offbeat OJ-3005)
 Miles Davis, *Jazz Track* (Columbia CL 1268)
 Jon Hendricks-George Russell, *New York, N. Y.* (Decca DL 79216)
 John Lewis, *Odds Against Tomorrow* (United Artists UAL 4061)
 Charlie Mingus, *Mingus Ah Um* (Columbia CS 8171)
 Horace Silver, *Blowing the Blues Away* (Blue Note 4017)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Count Basie, *Chairman of the Board* (Roulette R 52032)
 Art Farmer-Benny Golson, *Brass Shout* (United Artists UA S-5047)
 Ed Summerlin, *Liturgical Jazz* (Ecclesia ER-101)
 Jack Teagarden, *Jack Teagarden at the Roundtable* (Roulette R 25019)

★ ★ ★ ★

Julian Adderley, *Cannonball Takes Charge* (Riverside RLP 12-303)
 Ruby Braff, *Blowing Around the World* (United Artists UAL 3045)
 Bob Brookmeyer-Bill Evans, *The Ivory Hunters* (United Artists UA S-6044)
 Ornette Coleman, *The Shape of Jazz to Come* (Atlantic 1317)
 John Coltrane/Paul Quinichette, *Cattin'* (Prestige 7158)
 Eddie Costa, *The House of Blue Lights* (Dot DLP 3206)
 Wilbur DeParis, *That's A Plenty* (Atlantic 1318)
 Vic Dickenson/Joe Thomas, *Mainstream* (Atlantic 1303)
 Herb Geller All-Stars, *Gypsy* (ATCO 33-109)
 J. J. Johnson, *Really Livin'* (Columbia CL 1383)
 Thad Jones, *Motor City Scene* (United Artists UAL 4025)
 Shelly Manne, *Son of Gunn!!* (Contemporary 3566)
 Wes Montgomery, *The Wes Montgomery Trio* (Riverside 12-310)
 James Moody, *James Moody* (Argo 648)
 Charlie Rouse/Frank Foster, *Taylor's Tenors* (New Jazz 8219)
 Ben Webster, *Ben Webster and Associates* (Verve MG V-8318)

those 16th notes at the end of his solo.

A rousing and swinging LP by any man's standards. (D.DeM.)

Benny Goodman

■ BENNY GOODMAN RIDES AGAIN—Chess LP 1440: *Mission to Moscow; Benny Rides Again; The Earl; Oh Baby; Fascinating Rhythm; Everything I've Got; Whispering; All the Things You Are; You Do Something to Me; It Could Happen to You; Stereo Stomp.*

Personnel: Side 2: Goodman, clarinet; Andre Previn/Russ Freeman, piano; Barney Kessel/Turk van Lake, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar/George Duvivier, bass; Frank Capp/Shelly Manne, drums. Side 1 is a big band utilizing some of this personnel plus Mel Davis, Allen Smith, trumpets; Babe Clark, tenor.

Rating: ★★

It almost seems as if this LP was made one session per track, with a different personnel each time. It's too complicated to list (the big band personnel is an utter mystery, thanks to Chess' liner notes) especially for an LP that is really not worth having anyway.

The reason for the ★★ instead of 0 is the swinging of Benny on *Whispering*; the brief appearance of trumpeter Allen Smith, and the over-all playing of Russ Freeman. Otherwise this is a thoroughly vapid example of the latter day, or tertiary revolutionary stage of Goodman, in which he seems merely to be making vague passes at what he remembers having done before.

The big band tracks are familiar, and get the old BG band sound the way McKinley gets the Glenn Miller sound. The B side, which is all quintet, has more blowing room, but none of the participants sound like this was their day(s) to blow. (R.I.G.)

Johnny Griffin

■ THE LITTLE GIANT—Riverside RLP 12-304: *Olive Refractions; The Message; Lonely One; 63rd St. Theme; Playmates; Venus and the Moon.*

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is fist-clenched, head-shaking jazz filled with exclamation marks; but it is not so hard-hitting that one is a nervous wreck after listening to it. No, this LP has a stimulating effect like very few albums on today's market. This is one of those rare items that elicit from the listener a smile, a nod, a chuckle, and a grunted, "Yeah!"

Griffin is probably the most consistently provocative and interesting of the hard-sell tenor men. His playing is straightforward and virile and never descends to the noodling level as does some of the blowing of his muscular contemporaries. He displays a Don Byas root or two, most clearly on Babs Gonzalez' lovely *Lonely One*. It's about time that jazz historians give Byas credit for his sizable influence on modern tenor.

Three compositions in this album, *Refractions*, *Message*, and *Venus* are the work of Chicagoan Norman Simmons. Two of them, *Refractions* and *Message*, are head and shoulders above most originals being played today. Besides composing these tunes, Simmons has done a fine job of scoring them for the three horns. Let's hope we hear more from this talented young man.

Mitchell, Priester, and Kelly solo well, but Griffin overshadows them with his searing, slashing horn.

The best blowing takes place on *Message*

BLUE NOTE

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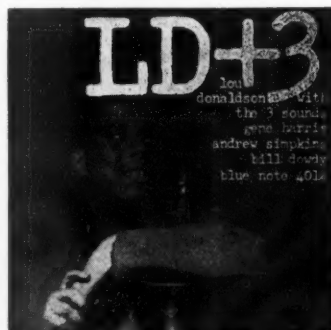
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In this

Going On; I Was Doing All Right; What's New; Moon Song; Just One of Those Things; There's No You; You Go to My Head; Sweet Lorraine.
 Personnel: Louis Armstrong, vocals, trumpet; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Louis Bellson, drums.

Rating: ★★

It is doubtful if even the most avidly dedicated Armstrong fan will unqualifiedly rave about this collection of 12 vocals by the jazz great. Nobody—least of all this reviewer—can possibly challenge the assertion that Armstrong is the natural embodiment of the jazz spirit. And that spirit permeates this recording. Nor can anyone dispute the magnetism of Louis' personality, both as musician and entertainer.

The trouble here is that the music is almost wholly overshadowed by the personality. Not that there isn't considerable charm to the dozen performances; but even Louis' peculiar brand of charm becomes a trifle wearisome after a while.

Then there is the matter of his occasional trumpet outings here. He plays it safe, for the most part, carrying the melody relatively straight, with but slight variations. When he *does* embark on a more ambitious undertaking, blowing a second chorus on *Moon Song*, the clams and flubs are embarrassing. The spirit obviously was willing, but, alas, the chops were weak.

Just One of Those Things, though, comes out a real swinger, with Peterson and companions collectively cooking and Louis blowing a good trumpet solo with a flourish ending.

For all Peterson's superb accompaniment, the fact remains that the role could have been filled by any good accompanist. But then, the spotlight is thrown on Louis the singer in this set. Let it be noted that the supporting cast fills the bill beautifully, limited though their individual parts are.

This is Armstrong as he is today, with nothing hidden, nothing faked, and as unpretentiously presented as possible. The set has its merits (such as Louis' muted solo on *You Go*) and certainly should appeal to the all-out admirer. (J.A.T.)

LaVern Baker

PRECIOUS MEMORIES—Atlantic 8036: *Precious Memories; Carrying the Cross for My Boss; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Touch Me, Lord Jesus; Didn't It Rain; Precious Lord; Somebody Touched Me; In the Upper Room; Journey to the Sky; Everytime I Feel the Spirit; Too Close; Without a God.*

Personnel: Miss Baker, vocals; Prof. Alex Bradford and his singers; small orchestra directed by Reggie Obrecht.

Rating: ★★★★★

There's more than a trace of Mahalia Jackson in the voice of Miss Baker; this album of Gospel songs shows this unmistakably. A comparison of the two singers is inevitable; although Miss Baker comes off second best, it's a close contest.

Singing with what sounds like deep feeling and sincerity, Miss Baker turns in a memorable performance. Her rich, dramatic voice seems much more at home with the fervor of Gospel music than it does with the fury of rock and roll. *Precious Lord*, perhaps more than any of the other tracks embodies the richness, drama, and fervor that Miss Baker brings to this her first love, Gospel music.

This album also has some swinging (if the term be apropos) moments, especially in *Carrying the Cross* and *Didn't It Rain*.

In this album, Miss Baker provides

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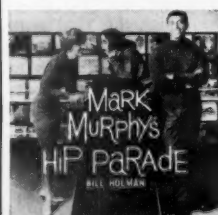
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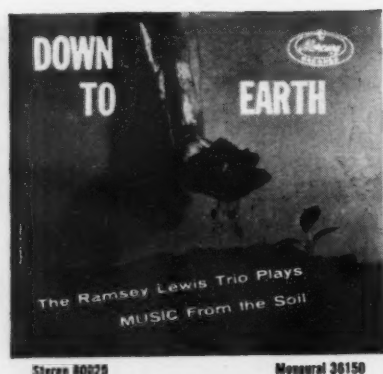
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many rewarding and precious moments. Her talent, which until now had been a bud among the thorns, is blossoming beautifully. Let's hope its fruit is bountiful.

(D.DeM.)

Mel Torme-Billy May

OLE TORME!—Verve MG V-2117; *Malaguna; Frenesi; Adios; Baia; Six Lessons from Madam La Zonga; Rosita; South of the Border; Nina; Cuban Love Song; Perfidia; The Rumba Jumps; Vaya Con Dios.*

Personnel: Torme, vocals, with May orchestra.
Rating: ★★½

There are no surprises in this set. The combining of Torme's voice with May's arrangements results in what one would normally expect: tasty vocal offerings back by competent scores.

The level of performance is fairly high compared with the usual pop album, but by more exacting standards the disc just doesn't have that little edge of excitement and anticipation found in distinctive LPs.

Not much of Torme's excellent musicianship shows through in his treatment of these pseudo-Latin tunes. There are some tricky changes in the last chorus of *Frenesi* that he pulls off quite well, and he makes a nice key change in *South of the Border*. Aside from these relatively minor spots, nothing happens to tantalize the musical ear.

May does an able job of backing Torme; his brass writing stands out as perhaps the best facet of his arranging skill. Both the band and Torme sound best on *Vaya Con Dios*.

There could have been more variety in tempo; most of them are in a medium bounce. This adds to the aura of sameness evident throughout the album.

A nice but undistinguished LP.

(D.DeM.)

Debby Moore

MY KIND OF BLUES—Top Rank RM 301: *Five Mouths, Two Weeks, Two Days; Come on Home to Me; See See Rider; Nothin' But Trouble on My Mind; Sent for You Yesterday; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home; I'm Travelin' Light; My Baby Loves Me True; Why Don't You Do Right; How Come You Do Me Like You Do; Hallelujah I Love Him So; No Love, No Nothin'.*

Personnel: Miss Moore, vocals; Harry Edison, trumpet; Jimmy Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★½

An interesting debut. Miss Moore, who once sang with Earl Hines, has a light, caressing taffeta sound, phrases well, and offers, on a couple of tracks, the curious novelty of whistling, in a style not unlike Sweets'. On the first track she also offers a chorus of ohs, ahs, gurgles and choking sounds that may convert listeners normally unnerved by ohing, ahing, gurgling and choking.

The choice of material offers too many bases for comparisons that don't help her cause. *Yesterday, Travelin'* and *Do Right* can't bring to these songs the soul with which Rushing, Holiday and Lee invested them. But on *Hallelujah*, without trying to out-Charles Ray, Miss Moore swings detachedly, and on *How Come* she gets her own groove going.

The accompaniment, presumably economy-dictated (no arranging budget), is adequate, though the rhythm section has its logey moments. Jimmy Jones takes a couple of gently elegant solos; Galbraith is helpful on *See See*. Sweets never bleats, avoiding the clichés we've heard on so many LPs lately. (Why wasn't the personnel listed?)

On her next LP, I'd like to hear Miss Moore sing more ballads; she is not primarily a blues performer. With a little more assurance, firmer intonation and very careful choice of material, she could develop into a highly agreeable jazz-tinged pop singer.

(L.G.F.)

NEW JAZZ RELEASES

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records. Reviews will appear in future issues of *Down Beat*.

Julian, Nat Adderley, *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-311, [S] LP 1157)

Art Blakey, *Holiday for Skins Vol. II* (Blue Note [M] 4005)

Patti Brown, *Patti Brown Plays the Piano* (Columbia [M] CL 1379, [S] CS 8208)

Donald Byrd, *Byrd in Hand* (Blue Note [M] 4019)

Paul Desmond, *Paul Desmond* (Warner Bros. [M] and [S] 1356)

Bill Doggett, *On Tour* (King [M] LP 667)

Art Farmer, *Aztec Suite* (United Artists [M] UAL 4062, [S] UAS 5062)

Claude Gordon band, *Claude Gordon Wins by a Landslide* (Warner Bros. [M] and [S] 1347)

Benny Green, *Benny Green Swings the Blues* (Enrica [M] LP 2002)

Jack Kerouac with Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, *Blues and Haikus* (Hanover [M] HM 5006)

Deane Kincaide Quintet, *The Solid South* (Everest [M] 5064, [S] 1064)

Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, *Hottest New Group in Jazz* (Columbia [M] CL 1403, [S] CS 8198)

Booker Little and Max Roach, *Booker Little Quartet Plus Max Roach* (United Artists [M] UAL 4034, [S] UAS 5034)

Humphrey Lyttleton, *Humph Lyttleton* (London [M] and [S] PS 178)

Blue Mitchell, *Blue Soul* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-309, [S] LP 1155)

Hank Mobley and Lee Morgan, *Peckin' Time* (Blue Note [M] 1574)

Thelonious Monk, *The Thelonious Monk Alone in San Francisco* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-312, [S] LP 1158)

Wes Montgomery Trio, *A Dynamic New Sound* (Riverside [M] RLP 12-310, [S] LP 1156)

Bob Scobey's Frisco Band, *Rompin' and Stompin'* (RCA Victor [M] LPM 2086)

Ronnie Scott and Tubby Hayes, *The Couriers of Jazz* (Carlton [M] and [S] STLP 116)

Tony Scott, *Gypsy* (Signature [M] SM 6001)

Paul Smith Trio, *Saratoga* (Imperial [M] LP 9095)

Kirby Stone four, *The Kirby Stone Touch* (Columbia [M] CL 1356)

Jean Thielemans, *The Soul of Toots Thielemans* (Signature [M] SM 6006)

Joe Venuto Quartet with Sani Blaine, *Sounds Different* (Everest [M] 5053, [S] 1053)

Teddy Wilson, *The Touch of Teddy Wilson* (Verve [M] MG V 8330)

Monica Zetterlund

By Leonard Feather

One night last June, in a small town north of Stockholm to which some friends had driven me to catch the Arne Domnerus band playing a one-nighter, I heard Domnerus' girl singer. She was a tall, stunning 21-year-old blonde who broke all the rules for jazz singers by looking even better than she sounded — and she sounded fine.

Back in New York, I spread the word that Monica Zetterlund was, to use an old Swedish expression, something else. Having helped make arrangements for her importation to the U.S., I have watched with personal pride as she has gassed American audiences (and, significantly, American jazzmen) with her musicianship and personal charm. By the time you read this, Monica, now a tall, stunning 22-year-old blonde, will be at Baker's in Detroit and headed for Mister Kelly's in Chicago, and her first American record date will probably be on its way.

Monica, who sings and thinks like a musician, asked me to be sure to include instrumental as well as vocal material on her first *Blindfold Test*. She was given no information about the records.

The Records

1. Bob Brookmeyer. *Ja-Da* (from *Traditionalism Revisited*, World-Pacific). Jim Hall, guitar; Dave Bailey, drums.

Yeah! . . . I know the tune — you know. *Yada-Yada-Ying-Ying-Ying*. And I knew Bob Brookmeyer, but the rest I didn't recognize. Well, it swings. What's more to say? I don't know who the guitar was, but it was — you know, personal. And the drums was very well played. A simple thing — not too complicated. I think three stars.

2. Chet Baker. *I Could Have Danced All Night* (from *Chet Baker Plays the Best of Lerner & Loewe*, Riverside). Herbie Mann, flute; Bill Evans, piano; Clifford Jarvis, drums.

Yeahhh . . . Funny, but it's difficult for me to say who they are, really. It sounds like Miles Davis . . . but I don't know. I don't know if he recorded that tune. I did it, but not the same way; I did it as a ballad, and in Swedish. I think I like this . . . it's at least different. I like the waltz treatment, especially when they're playing solos. I couldn't tell who's the flute; he sounded very pretty, a nice tone. Or was it a piccolo? Sometimes it sounded like Art Blakey on drums, but . . . And the piano I don't know. I couldn't give it more than three.

3. Dave Brubeck. *Blue Rondo a la Turk* (from *Time Out*, Columbia). Paul Desmond, alto; Joe Morello, drums. Comp. Brubeck.

I suppose it's very interesting. It's full of strength — but . . . I don't really care for Brubeck's piano. I like Paul Desmond. And I like the drummer. This is a strange thing — it must be one of his compositions. I don't think it's jazz. That's why I personally don't care for it — though when Desmond plays, it is jazz. So, two.

4. Ray Charles. *Jumpin' In The Morning* (from *What'd I Say*, Atlantic). Rec. 1959. Charles, vocal, piano and arr.

Oh, yes, Lord! Ray Charles! I know that, even if it's an old recording; because I've never heard him quite like that before. But I prefer him the way he sings now; it might be that the recordings are better now. I don't know what band it was, but I think I prefer him with his own band. But I like it very much. Four. What do I think Ray Charles has? *Soul!*

5. Newport International Band. *Don't Wait For Henry* (from *Newport 1958*, Columbia). Bert Rosengren, first tenor solo, and Kurt Jarnberg, second trombone solo, both from Sweden. Comp. Marshall Brown.

Yes, I liked that. But it's difficult to say who it is. What I liked most is the first tenor solo; it must be one of these moderns — a little Rollins and a little Coltrane in him . . . And I loved the last trombone solo too. I don't think I've heard this band together before. It must be a session or something, is it? The band swung, definitely. I'd give it four stars. There was an atmosphere there.

6. Ella Fitzgerald. *Who Cares?* (from *George Gershwin Song Book Vol. 2*, Verve). Buddy Bregman Orch.

I never heard this tune before. I suppose it's called *As Long as You Care* for me or something like that. I never heard Ella do anything bad. She is always great. And I definitely liked the arrangement. Of course we heard her in Sweden with a small group, but it doesn't matter what size accompaniment she uses. What's more to say? It's Ella. Four.

7. Quincy Jones-Harry Arnold Orch. *Brief Encounter* (Mercury). Rec. in Stockholm. Arne Domnerus, Rolf Backman, altos. Comp. and arr. Arnold.



the blindfold test



"Oh, yes, Lord! Ray Charles!"

Well, I can tell you *all* about that one! I heard it only once, or maybe I heard them do it at a concert too; but I didn't know until the other day what it was, when I got homesick and Claes Dahlgren played it. I think I must give it four stars, because Arne Domnerus always kills me. Even though we work together every night, he always interests me, always comes out with new things. That proves he's a good musician. The other alto is Rolf Backman. I know all the guys in this band. And I think Quincy wrote the arrangement, didn't he? Maybe not, but he wrote most of the things on this record. No, he didn't, I don't think he wrote this one . . . oh, I don't know. Anyway, I like it.

8. Lena Horne. *You Don't Have to Know The Language* (from *Songs by Burke and Van Heusen*, Victor). Arr. Ralph Burns.

It's Lena Horne. She's very good, but I prefer when I can watch her at the same time. Because she is one of the greatest artists anywhere, on a stage. I suppose it's her husband that did the arrangement — Lennie Hayton. Tunes like this I really prefer to see her do. Like, when she does *Love Me Or Leave Me* or things like that you can just listen and enjoy it, but this is a more or less stage number. It's good, though. Three; I couldn't give her less than that because I like her so much.

Five stars? Let me see . . . Some of the things in *Porgy and Bess* by Miles; and *Moanin'* by Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross . . . and, of course, several things by Ray Charles; and Cannonball's *This Here* — that's something else. Come to think of it, Cannonball's *Something Else* is something else, too!

(d.b.)

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feather's nest



By Leonard Feather

On the road recently for 3½ weeks with the Jazz for Moderns show, I became part of a captive audience every time some delinquent muse compelled the bus driver to turn on the radio. Under this constant exposure to all that is lowest on the American airwaves and highest on the best-seller charts, one record stood out like a little pearl in all this musical mud.

It was something called *Uh! Oh!*, attributed to the Nutty Squirrels and released on Hanover. As you must have heard by now, it is a wordless jazz vocal duet in which the voices were raised about an octave and overdubbed on a normal-speed accompaniment.

Aside from the similarity of the technique, the results are about as unlike the Chipmunks as two blind mice. The record swings and is in such pleasant musical taste that it is incredible to find it among the top 10 best-selling records in the country at a time when rock and roll still seems to have its greasy mitts firmly around the money bags.

Too little credit has been given to the men who accomplished this coup. The Nutty Squirrels are Don Elliott, whose miscellaneous instruments you know well, and one Granville (Sascha) Burland. Burland, who has been pioneering quietly for jazz at the McCann-Erickson advertising agency in New York City, is the man who swung commercial jingles out of the dark ages, gave them a hip sound, and started recording them with musicians like Art Farmer, Billy Taylor, Barry Galbraith, Maynard Ferguson, et al. If you hear a one-minute spot announcement on television or radio that sounds as though a modern jazz group recorded it, there is a good chance that it was written and supervised by Sascha.

Some of his jingles, notably a little monument to Flit and a noble tribute to Nestle's Instant Coffee, have featured vocals by Osie Johnson. Before Quincy Jones left for Europe, he joined the parade of top jazzmen who have worked for Burland, writing the background for a jingle for Nestle's Quik—scored for eight flutes.

Though he has worked with other writers, Burland normally composes the themes himself and collaborates on the arrangements with an arranger and bassist named Rufus Smith. A 32-

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year-old Yale graduate who served in the marines and studied piano at David Mannes Music school and guitar with Barry Galbraith, Burland is a jazz fan with many friends among the musicians around town. He has been producing and writing hip jingles since 1950. The composition that has earned him his widest audience probably would be the opening theme for *What's My Line?*, which brings a gentle, slightly west coastish modern jazz sound to tens of millions of Sunday night fans of this show.

The Nutty Squirrels gimmick was the outgrowth of an idea that germinated after Sascha and Elliott had sung together for kicks at private parties. Both expert bop singers, they had to reduce their improvisations to a crawl in order to produce the unique sound heard on the record at the doubled-up speed.

Burland says he is a believer in the theory that jazz need not be kept on the same intellectual level with differential calculus and that media such as TV and radio, particularly back-door entrances like the jingle market, can provide a means of educating the ears of squares who for years were accustomed to nothing but the dullest and unswingingest of sounds in these contexts.

He says the inroads made by jazz in the cloak-and-dagger department via *Peter Gunn* and his numerous subguns have been vital in broadening the market for jazz. "Hank Mancini," he said recently, "in his own way, has done as much for jazz as Ellington and Basie!"

He points out that the use of men like Sauter and Finegan (who reorganized their band to record some jingles by Burland recently) and Ralph Burns and Neal Hefti in the writing and directing of jingles, far from debasing these musicians, has afforded an outlet for better music that is slowly but surely priming the public to an acceptance of higher standards.

I think he has a point. And certainly when something like *Uh! Oh!* appears in a program sandwiched between *Heartaches by the Numbers* and *Hound Dog Man*, we should be thankful that Madison Ave. has persons like Burland helping sincerely to effect this change.

The Nutty Squirrels certainly will never be immortalized alongside Miles Davis; they are a novelty and a gimmick, but they are musically valid. And they made it without benefit of payola. Rock and roll may not be on its way to the graveyard yet, but if the Squirrels can help to push the hearse, more nutty power to them.

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TAKE



by John Tynan

As we groove into a new year and head toward a decade of unimaginable promise in all phases of our society, it may be worthwhile to glance back at the past twelvemonth and venture a few guesses on the future of jazz in the western United States during 1960.

The year 1959 bade fair to write

finis to racial segregation in jazz and to cap a gradual movement under way for the last few years that saw increased mixing of white and Negro musicians in clubs, at sessions, and on record dates of all kinds. The integration movement thrived in the clubs and sessions but appeared to hit a shoal in

the recording field. Apart from a very few established musicians, the presence of Negroes in big Hollywood studio orchestras remained a minus quantity.

In the straight jazz field, though, integration was a developing plus factor. And as racial mixing grew, so the character of the music broadened and deepened with both white and Negro deriving benefits from each other's conception.

This democratic intermingling may well provide the key to the progress of jazz in 1960 and through the years.

To many observers the year's most exciting development in jazz was the emergence of Ornette Coleman. This 29-year-old altoist-composer had spent many lean years in and around Los Angeles until the summer of 1959 when he and his pocket-trumpet-playing buddy, Don Cherry, betook themselves east to New York and the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass.

John Lewis heard Coleman there and immediately became his most effective press agent, securing for Coleman a prominent (some felt a *too* prominent) spot on the Monterey Jazz festival program in early October. At year's end Coleman and Cherry—and their rhythm team of Charlie Hayden, bass, and Billy Higgins, drums—were causing the hippist New Yorkers to leave the Five

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Spot mumbling to themselves in pro or con bewilderment.

The fact that Coleman and Cherry had to make the traditional move to New York to find recognition among "those who matter" in modern jazz ballyhooing is significant if unsurprising. Even more significant, however, is that they are California musicians who developed in the environment of the coast. That Fort Worth, Texas, is Coleman's place of origin is as insignificant as the fact that Shorty Rogers hails from Great Barrington, Mass.

Coleman's west coast incubation must be a little hard to take for the New York type of snob who appears to take keen delight in downgrading California jazzmen. The fact is, though, that Coleman's musical development in Los Angeles is one of the surest tip-offs to the changes that took place in "west coast" jazz during the late '50s and that will continue into the '60s.

It would be dishonest to deny that the spark of change in jazz on the coast was kindled in the east, and almost wholly by Negro musicians, at that. Nor can New York take all the bows. Were it not for the Detroit exodus, New York would have been considerably less funky the last few years. But regardless of center of origin, the new influences in jazz on

the coast blew from the east, and few Californians deny it.

Today practically all the west coast tenor men are attempting to speak the language of Rollins, Coltrane, and Griffin. But it is interesting to observe that the best tenor man on the coast (in this writer's opinion), Harold Land, can stand up with any of that trio and more than hold his own speaking their tongue. And Land's been blowing his own way since the Max Roach Quintet days of 1955.

Possibly the most dynamic shift in influence has been in the area of jazz drumming. Prior to the ordination of Philly Joe Jones as high priest of modern drums, most west coast drummers patterned their playing on that of Shelly Manne.


Today (Shelly's umpteenth victory in this magazine's Readers poll notwithstanding) the vast majority of young drummers have swung in the direction of Philly Joe, Max Roach, and similar men. In a recent issue of a highly specialized magazine devoted to jazz, reference was made to a typical "west coast rhythm section." If there is such a thing these days, this writer would like to hear it.

These influences have made a deep dent in jazz as played on the coast today. They are supposed to be "east-

ern" influences. The truth is that they stem not from any city or region but from freer social intercourse between Negro and white musicians. This intercourse was slow in making itself felt among the white jazzmen of the west coast, most of whom (the prominent "big names," that is) began to feel independent of such relationship, hardly through any fault of their own but because of various external conditions such as the Jim Crow AFM union set-up that persisted until April, 1953.

The brief jazz club renaissance of 1956-57 also played an important part in the interchange of jazz ideas with such groups as the Count Basie Band, the Miles Davis group, Max Roach's quintet, and the Adderley brothers' group.

Finally, the flood of superior jazz recordings made in New York by jazz' "new voices" during the last two years made themselves felt in the west, and many white California musicians began to realize that there was a fresh current flowing through their music. Those who sprang in and swam with this current are developing artistically; those who refuse to recognize its existence are standing still.

This current reached flood stage during 1959. It continues flowing into 1960 and the years ahead. 

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Rudy Collins was born in New York and has worked in and about that area for years. He assisted Kai Winding (the J. & K. group) in the 1956 Newport Jazz Festival, as well as Carmen McCrae and Dinah Washington on other occasions. Rudy is now with the ultra-modern flutist, Herbie Mann, who in a short period of time has climbed to the top ranks of the jazz critic's reviews.

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MOVIE REVIEW ★

THE GENE KRUPA STORY (Columbia), Sal Mineo, Susan Kohner, James Darren. A Philip A. Waxman production directed by Don Weis. Music adapted and composed by Leith Stevens. Soundtrack orchestra personnel: Benny Carter, Heinie Beau, Dave Pell, Eddie Miller, Dave Harris, Jerome Casper, reeds; Joe Triscari, Ray Triscari, Pete Candoli, Conrad Gozzo, Clyde Hurley, trumpets; Murray McEachern, Ed Kusby, Moe Schneider, George Roberts, trombones; Jess Stacy, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Morty Corb, bass; Gene Krupa, Shelly Manne, John Williams, Jerry Williams, Mel Lewis, percussion.

Just when it seemed that Hollywood was ready to produce a really mature and intelligent motion picture on a jazzman's life, along comes *The Gene Krupa Story* and we're back where we started—with *Syncopation* in 1941.

But perhaps the comparison with *Syncopation* is unfair. At least that picture, for all its nonsense, had some moments of valid musical interest. The only musically interesting moments in this purported story of Krupa's life are to be found in Leith Stevens' spare but effective underscore. The rest of the music in the picture is tired and unimaginative, well played by the crack studio orchestra but far from inspiring.

The story line hinges on things irrelevant to Krupa's music, his break from the Roman Catholic seminary where he studied for the priesthood, and a proclivity for smoking marijuana. These facets of the man's life may have been thought to make for good drama, but emphasis on them in the picture only distorts and detracts from Krupa's real importance as the first jazz drummer to win an international fan following and blaze a new trail in his art.

As Gene Krupa, the drummer, actor Mineo achieves remarkable on-camera synchronization with Gene's soundtrack recording; as Krupa the man, Sal plays the perennial juvenile, a pouting babyface who could not have lasted a week in the rough-and-tumble band days of the 1920s and '30s.

As for the plot line, it's a simple case of the facts be damned. For dramatic purposes, Krupa is saddled with a tag-along trumpet-playing buddy, Eddie Sirota (convincingly played by James Darren) and a girl-next-door in the person of Susan Kohner, who becomes an appealing Ethel Maguire. For the rest, fiction is piled upon fiction.

In real life, Krupa came to New York with Red McKenzie; in the film he goes on his own hook with only his

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buddy and girlfriend to hold his drumsticks. No mention is made of his extensive jazz background in Chicago during 1927-28, or of his recording debut in that city, Dec. 7, 1927, with the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans, a colorful group of hell-raisers the injection of which into the story could only have enhanced the period atmosphere. Instead we are given the impression that Krupa's Chicago days were taken up with teenage hi-jinks bearing no relation to serious playing.

But the most hilarious goof—if a slightly macabre one—occurs during a party at Krupa's lavish apartment after the drummer had joined the Goodman band and is established as a top sideman in his profession. (For the historically minded, let it be noted that Gene joined Goodman in 1935.) At the height of the festivities, three individuals enter. They are introduced as Tommy Dorsey (adequately played by Bobby Troup), Frankie Trumbauer, and Bix Beiderbecke! Bix died Aug. 7, 1931.

There appear a flock of other absurdities, such as the prominent on-camera display of interracial bands during a period when the presence of Negroes in white bands was restricted to the presence of Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton in the Goodman band. But an unforgivable oversight lies in the treatment accorded Roy Eldridge and Anita O'Day. Eldridge is simply ignored as a figure in the Krupa saga: no mention whatever is made of this jazz giant and catalyst in Krupa's career; it is as if he never existed. Anita is fleetingly presented singing *Memories of You* during a party scene in Krupa's apartment and identified almost by accident by Krupa's *femme fatale*.

The less said the better about sequences concerning Krupa's introduction to and subsequent arrest for possession of marijuana. Not only is the subject matter handled in a ridiculously juvenile and melodramatic fashion, it insults the intelligence to boot.

Benny Goodman never appears in the picture, due to financial circumstances beyond the control of the producer. But Tommy Dorsey figures disproportionately in the story, as does Dave Tough (surprisingly well played by Shelly Manne), and Red Nichols, looking not a day older than he currently is, is seen and heard in a jam session scene placed roughly about 1930.

There was an excellent opportunity here for a worthwhile film-story of a great jazzman's life and times. Too bad screenwriter Orin Jannings didn't realize that.

—John Tynan

AD LIB

(Continued)

Beach, Calif., on Jan. 24 via ABC radio.

Dizzy Reece recorded on Blue Note the main theme from the English movie, *Nowhere to Go*, for which he wrote the music several years ago. The theme has been retitled *The Rake* . . . **John Hammond** has enlisted the help of **Charles Edward Smith**, the dean of jazz historians, in a **Fletcher Henderson** re-issue project at Columbia Records . . . Blue Note has announced signing trumpeter **Donald Byrd** and Byrd's protege, pianist **Duke Pearson**, of Atlanta, Ga.

Former bandleader **Fess Williams**, whose orchestra competed with the late **Fletcher Henderson**, **Duke Ellington**, **Earl Hines**, and **Noble Sissle** bands during the 1920s, has returned to the entertainment field as manager of the Goldenairs Choir. He retired from music some years ago to sell real estate . . . **Jimmy Johnson**, son of the late jazz pianist **James P. Johnson**, is critically ill in a Queens hospital . . . **Sammy Price**, the blues pianist, who has been working with the downstairs band at the Metropole, has been delving into politics in Harlem during the daylight hours and recently received a summons for using a microphone on 125th St. He is out to gain a seat in the city assembly, as well as doing publicity for a branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

C. B. Atkins, husband and personal manager of **Sarah Vaughan**, has returned from South America, where he concluded a deal to book top names like **Frank Sinatra**, **Sammy Davis Jr.**, and the **Count Basie** band for engagements throughout Brazil and Argentina during 1960 . . . Drummer **Curley Hammer**, ex-Lionel Hampton, is seriously ill in St. Clare's hospital in New York. He was flown to Manhattan from Paris, where he had been working with **Josephine Baker's** hit show . . . Singer **Maxine Sullivan** was the guest star at a Christmas party in Farmville, Va., for 1,700 Negro children, victims of the county-wide school closing in the Old Dominion.

Abbey Lincoln substituted for **Sarah Vaughan** at the Empire room of the Waldorf several evenings when Sarah was ill.

The book on the life of **Jack Teagarden**, to be published by Cassell's of England, was prepared as a collaboration between **Len Guttridge** and **Jay Smith**. Cassell has published four books in its *Kings of Jazz* series. They include **Duke Ellington**, by **G. E. Lambert**; **Dizzy Gillespie**, by **Michael James**; **Bessie Smith**, by **Paul Oliver**; and **Bix Beiderbecke**, by **Burnett James**.

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Larry Douglas, personal manager of bassist-cellist **Oscar Pettiford** (who is now living in Denmark), has gone to Paris to live to work as a contact agent for other jazz artists who want to work and obtain bookings on the continent. These include pianist **Phineas Newborn Jr.**, leader now of his own trio, and arranger **Ernie Wilkins**.

Vocalist **Lovelace Watkins** made such a good impression on a recent week at Birdland that M-G-M's **Ray Ellis** wrote some arrangements for him and recorded an album with the singer. Watkins has been working in Perth Amboy, N.J., with the **Morris Nanton Trio**.

IN PERSON

Apollo theater—Gospel show, opens Jan. 22.
Arpeggio—**CARMEN McRAE** and **MURIEL ROBERTS** Trio, until Feb. 8.
Basin Street East—**DIZZY GILLESPIE**, until Feb. 3.
HARRY JAMES Band, Feb. 18-March 5.
Birdland—**ILLINOIS JACQUET** all-stars and **AL BELLETTO** Octet, until Feb. 3.
Central Plaza—Jam sessions, Fridays, Saturdays.
Condon's—**BUCK CLAYTON** with **EDDIE CONDON**'s Band, indefinitely.
Count Basie's—**EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** Trio and **SHIRLEY SCOTT**, until March.
Embers—**JONAH JONES** Quartet and **EUGENE SMITH** Trio until Feb. 1. **DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio and **EUGENE SMITH** Trio, Feb. 1-22.
Half Note—**ZOOT SIMS** and **AL COHN** Quintet, until Jan. 24. **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY** Quintet, until Feb. 23.
Hickory House—**MITCHELL-RUFF** Duo, indefinitely.
Metropole (Downstairs)—**RED ALLEN** all-stars and **SOL YAGED** Quartet, indefinitely.
Nick's—**PEE WEE IRWIN** Band, indefinitely.
Palace theater—**HARRY BELAFONTE**, until Feb. 3.
Roseland Dance City—**RUSS CARLEY** Orchestra, until Feb. 21.
Roundtable—**SHARKEY BONANO** New Orleans Gang and **TYREE GLENN** Quartet, until Jan. 30. **CLYDE MCCOY**'s Dixieland Septet, Feb. 1-27.
Roundtable (King Arthur room)—**MABEL MERCER** and **CHUCK WAYNE** Trio, until Jan. 30.
Ryan's—**WILBUR DEPARIS** Band, indefinitely.
Village Gate—**JOSH WHITE** and **ELLY STONE**, indefinitely. **PETE LONG** jazz sessions, Mondays.
Village Vanguard—**KENNY BURRELL** Trio and **IRWIN COREY**, until Feb. 1.

MONTREAL

The **Dorothy Dandridge** film, *Tamango*, for which Dorothy journeyed here for a series of personal appearances in December, proved an attendance disappointment despite the fact that it was booked into eight theaters simultaneously ... **Freddy Franco**'s group, with the leader on guitar, has replaced **Alfred Wade**'s at the **LeVieux Moulin**. **Eve Adams** is singing with **Franco** nightly and at the Sunday afternoon jam sessions as well ... Singer **Marthe Errolle** had a successful recent stay at the **Bellevue Casino** ... Saxophonist **Chet Christopher**, formerly with **Alfred Wade** here, led his own group at the **Esquire Showbar** in January.

TORONTO

Josh White sang for New Year's eve crowds at the **Frontenac Arms**. He was booked in there Dec. 28 by **Vivienne Stenson**, jazz and folk music entrepreneur, who was badly injured in an auto accident before Christmas ... The **Deep River Boys**, who headlined



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the Barclay hotel's New Year's eve show, were guests along with a Toronto vocal group, the **Hi-Lites** and singers **Bill Cole** and **Annabelle Lee** on the CBC's annual New Year's eve variety show.

Ray Bryant, who has just been signed by Columbia Records, played the Town Tavern the week of Dec. 14. He was followed by the **Hagood Hardy Trio** and the **Moe Koffman Quartet** during the holiday season.

CHICAGO

Dave Remington is playing Jazz Ltd. on Sunday evenings. **Franz Jackson** and his Jass All-Stars are there Thursday nights. **Bill Reinhart's** house band plays the other nights . . . **Art Hodes** had a band in the Cafe Continental while **Bob Scobey** was on the road . . . **Bob Koester**, owner of the Delmar label, just back from Denver, reports coming across an excellent traditional band there: a co-op group that features pianist **Bill Murray**.

The **John Young Trio** has moved to the Kitty Kat on 63rd St. . . . The **Kay Winding Septet** was packing London House during its stay there . . . Pianist **Norman Simmons**, now accompanist for Dakota Station, sufficiently impressed Riverside Records officials with his composing-arranging skills on **Johnny Griffin's** latest LP, *The Little Giant*, that the label plans to let him do an LP of his own material. Simmons would like to do the disc in Chicago, using musicians familiar with his conception.

Thursday evenings have become busy with sessions. There are now three clubs featuring Thursday night jam groups: the Archway lounge, the C. and C. lounge, and the Pad (State and Oak). Meantime, sessions continue Sunday nights at the French Poodle (the name of which is in the process of being changed to the Jazz Workshop), Monday nights at the Gate of Horn (these bashes are going into their third year), and Tuesday evenings at the Sutherland. Meantime, both the Cloister and Easy Street are featuring sessions Sunday afternoons.

LAS VEGAS

The **Dukes of Dixieland** play for packed houses each night at the New Frontier lounge . . . **Harry James** with his 18-piece orchestra sends the crowds in the Flamingo's Driftwood lounge as he starts his new contract of 23 weeks for 1960 . . . **Bill Reddie**, the Dunes orchestra leader, will present his original *Symphony No. 1* at the Dunes, as he batons a 75-piece orchestra made up of musicians from along the Strip. Proceeds from the presentation will go to Nevada Southern university for its record library.

Billy Eckstine is proving to be one of the biggest draws along the lounge

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40 • DOWN BEAT

row . . . Little Red and Marcy Layne at the Riviera lounge completed their 31st straight month on the Strip and still are going strong . . . Ray Sinatra, the Riviera orchestra leader, spent his time off helping Herman Kaye and the Tropicana orchestra with orchestration for the new Folies Bergere show . . . The Surfers, four Hawaiian lads who met while attending Glendale Junior college, have appeared during the last year at four of the Strip hotels . . . Billy Williams, with his all-star revue, continues to roll on and on in the Riviera lounge with Horace Henderson's fine music, the Four Dukes, Tommy Butler, and Skip Cunningham . . . Al Jahns, leader at the Thunderbird, supplied all his musicians with ear muffs because the ice-skating show was blowing cold air on them.

LOS ANGELES

Norman Granz signed Terry Gibbs to a term contract with his Verve label. Gubenko will record both small group and big band albums for the coast company . . . Meanwhile, Gibbs and singer Mary Ann McCall were held over for another month at Hollywood's Sanbah club . . . Ex-Kenton lead trumpeter Frank Huggins took Wes Hansel's chair with the Les Brown Steve Allen Show band . . . Sonny Stitt was in Hollywood Christmas week to cut two LPs for Verve accompanied by Lou Levy, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Mel Lewis, drums. Russ Garcia was in the booth and Norman Granz in the studio.

Vine St. is still staggering and reeling from the impact of the social event of the happy season — the first annual Professional Drum Shop Christmas party at which the guest list topped the century mark. Roy Harte also poured some Christmas cheer at his rival Drum City. PDS prez Bob Yeager is still splitting chores between store-keeping daytimes and carrying on night-times as house drummer at the Tiffany burlesque . . . The Si Zentner band sounds off Jan. 28 at the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills hotel for the younger set from Long Beach City college . . . KTTV's Jerry Lester Show folded Dec. 16, leaving out in the cold pianist Dick Hazard's band that included such top musicians as Buddy Collette, Max Bennett, Jackie Mills, Don Raffel, Frank Rosolino and Irving Roth, after 26 weeks on the tube . . . Chuck Marlowe's grooving seven-piece is booked through May 20, already. Meanwhile, Marlowe's about to launch his big rehearsal crew, well equipped with charts from Ernie Wilkins, Bill Holman, Al Cohn, Jay Hill, and Manny Albam.

Pianist Lou Pagani and bassist Ted Hammond are now house accompanists at Ye Little club in Beverly Hills.

First of 1960's singing attractions there was Pam Garner . . . Monday is session night at the Sapphire Room at Florence and Crenshaw with drummer Eddie Atwood leading the house quartet . . . The blossoming Duke Ellington Jazz society, now the largest musical organization of its kind on the globe (it was founded by Bill Ross and others in February, 1958), is now an official corporation chartered by the State of California.

ALBUM NOTES: Lennie McBrowne's group, *The Four Souls*, (Don Sleet, trumpet; Daniel Jackson, tenor; Terry Trotter, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass, and Lennie on drums) did an initial LP for World Pacific . . . Highfirecords' a&r Chief Dave Axelrod winged over to Hawaii to cut an album of Arthur Lyman's sounds at year's end. Axelrod, whose Harold Land set is due out any day on the Hifjazz label, will supervise an album featuring Buddy Collette and Al Viola performing six original compositions of his own for flute and guitar . . . Pianist Les (Maxie) McCann signed with World Pacific to record a series of LPs featuring himself, Leroy Vinnegar on bass, and Ron Jefferson on drums.

IN PERSON

Armantrout's (Ventura Blvd.)—JOE DARENS-BOURG's Dixie Flyers.
Beverly Cavern—TEDDY BUCKNER band. Resident.
Beverly Hills Hotel—SI ZENTNER band. Jan. 28 only.
Drift Inn (Malibu)—BUD SHANK-ART PEPPER Quartet. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.
El Sombrero (Belmont Shore)—DUTCH PONS-VINCE WALLACE Quartet.
Encore Room (South Gate)—EDDIE and BETTY COLE Trio.
400 Club—JOHNNY LUCAS and Dixieland band. Sundays only. Dixieland band nightly.
Four Jokers (Ventura Blvd.)—JOE TRISCARI's all-star jam session. Monday nights only.
Jimmie Diamond's Lounge (San Bernardino)—EDGAR HAYES, piano, nightly.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach)—HOWARD RUMSEY's Lighthouse All-Stars. Resident. BUD SHANK-ART PEPPER Quartet, Mondays and Tuesdays.
Lighthouse (Pacific Ocean Park)—LIMELIGHT RHYTHM KINGS. Resident.
Melody Room—HENRI ROSE Trio.
Puccini (Beverly Hills)—JIM HARBERT Trio.
Renaissance—JIMMY WITHERSPOON; PAUL HORN Quintet.
Sanbah (East Hollywood)—TERRY GIBBS Quartet; MARY ANN MCCALL. Wednesdays through Sundays.
Scorpion (Van Nuys)—LENNIE MCBROWNE Quartet. Weekends.
Sterling's (Santa Monica)—BETTY BRYANT Trio.
Sundown—TERRY GIBBS orchestra. Tuesdays only.
Villa Capri—MORTY JACOBS Trio.
Wonderbowl (Downey)—GENE BOLEN and his Jazz Band. Nightly.
Zebra Lounge (Central & Manchester)—TEDDY EDWARDS Quartet.

SAN FRANCISCO

Altoist John Handy was in town for the Christmas holidays toting his advance dub of his Jubilee LP with Dick (Notes) Williams . . . Drummer Dick Berk gigged several Sundays with the Virgil Gonsalves Sextet . . . Gloria Smythe was booked into Fack's II for a 10-day date in early January . . . The Hangover club is up for sale and may not open again. Owner Doc Dougherty is thinking of retiring . . .

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Kid Ory, home from Europe, got his
On-the-Levee ready for the spring sea-
son by opening at the end of January
... the **Limelighters** (Lou Gottlieb, et
al) flew to New York to make a pilot
film with the **Ray McKinley** band ...
Don Mupo, owner of the Gold Nugget
(the Stan Kenton museum) is now a
disc jockey on KJAZ.

The **Brothers Four**, a new Columbia
singing act, is managed by **Mort Lewis**,
who also handles **Dave Brubeck** ...
Paul Desmond is planning two LPs a
year on his own from now on ...
Fantasy cut another LP by poet **Law-**
rence Ferlinghetti ... **Joe Albany** is
sitting in at the Coffee House ... **Dale**
Hillary left town to return to Canada
and thence to New York ... **Dakota**
Staton will play her first club date here
in April at Fack's II ... **Cal Tjader**
has something of a hit in his Fantasy
single *Black Orchid*.

SEATTLE

You don't even need a car nowadays
to enjoy a lot of jazz in Seattle, for a
substantial concentration is to be found
within a five block area. All you have to
do is trolley, walk, or make it down-
town some way to the vicinity of Sec-
ond and Washington, and it's one block
to the Noplace, four blocks to the
Poopdeck, and two blocks to Jazz 'N'
Jacks.

At the Noplace, sounds are furnished
by the **Dave Coleman Trio**, Dave on
drums; **Al Larkins**, bass; **Overton Berry**,
piano. On weekends, other attractions
are added, **Milo Hubbard** playing very
tasty classical guitar during intermis-
sions, **Jewel King** wailing with the
group.

Up on Fourth is Jazz 'N' Jack's,
which may be one of the best exam-
ples around of what can be done by
owners thinking long range. Since he
instituted a jazz policy two months ago,
Jack LaFleur has doubled the size of
the place, raised the bandstand above
the bar, and will open a kitchen within
the month. This spirit may account for
the so-swinging behavior of the **Bob**
Winn Quintet, though their many
followers figure these guys could swing
perched on **Lawrence Welk's** bubble
machine. Besides **Bob Winn** on flute
and alto, are **Gerald Brashear**, tenor
and congas; **Milt Garred**, bass; **Bob**
Nixon, piano; **Bill Richardson**, drums.

Down on the waterfront at Main and
Western is the Poopdeck where, to the
accompaniment of ferry whistles and
diesel horns, jazz is on tap along with
the beer. The jazz is the department of
Jabbo Ward, tenor; **Fred Schreiber**,
bass; **Paul Humphries**, drums; **Fred**
Stack, piano.

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town, Terry Spencer, one of the most promising newcomers to hit the scene in a long time, plays the piano as well as she looks at the Brigadier room of the New Washington. Doing a solo and singing, she plans to add bass within a few weeks. Originally from Vancouver, Canada, she studied at the Toronto conservatory, later at Mills college under Darius Milhaud.

Corky Corcoran has been shivering the timbers of the Roll-In with that sound of his for the last few months. The former boy wonder of the Harry James band has been in and out of the home territory for the past two or three years. With him are Johnny Campbell, piano; Rocky Copple, bass; Bruce Ford, drums.

Stan Kenton and the Four Freshmen, due in Feb. 7, will play the Orpheum, which will be the first theater appearance here for the Kenton band since 1952. Since then, they've played the Civic Auditorium, which is pretty bad, and this will be a treat for their many fans here. Also due in February: Andres Segovia on the 12th, and Jose Greco on the 14th, 15th and 16th.

Other Happenings: Betty Hall Jones back at the Top of the Town after a month's vacation, ably replaced for that time by Johnny (Crazy Otto) Maddox. Ronnie Draper, Rusty's brother, is at the Red Carpet.

Music News from Coast to Coast

DOWN BEAT

10 Years Ago

On the Cover: ample Betty George. Headline: "Why did Mooney Quartet Fail?" . . . *Down Beat* will sponsor Duke Ellington concert at Civic Opera house, Chicago, Feb. 5 . . . Sale of records in 1949 again fell from wartime high . . . Jeri Southern is hailed as a new star because of her Hi-Note, Chicago, click . . . RCA officially announces it also will press 33 1/3-rpm in addition to 45s . . . Artie Shaw cuts sides for Decca . . . Red Norvo is in Hawaii with Tal Farlow and Red Kelly . . . Billie Holiday is in one-nighter at St. Paul and then goes back to west coast . . . Mike Levin gives new Elliott Lawrence band good review at Bop City . . . Mary Ann McCall did a single stint at Birdland backed by Don Lamond, George Handy, and Mert Oliver . . . Miles Davis is re-signed by Capitol for another year . . . George Shearing is set for his first west coast appearance at Coronet club in San Francisco . . . A wrangle is taking place over \$50,000 estate of late Ivie Anderson, featured singer with Duke Ellington . . . Top Drawer Disc: Charlie Parker, *Parker with Strings* (Mercury).

25 Years Ago

Headline: "Hotel Men Fight Union Ruling" . . . Local 802, New York, has imposed a \$3-a-musician charge for all remote broadcasts. This has been angrily received by hotel and club owners. They threaten to cancel all such broadcasts . . . In another important union move, James Petrillo, president of Local 10, Chicago, has banned all free auditions. This is meant to remove abuses by advertising agencies and other talent buyers . . . *Down Beat* offers \$5 for the best critical letter on Guy Lombardo's music . . . Red Nichols is doing a Thursday night commercial broadcast over NBC using most of Ben Pollack's band, including Jack and Charlie Teagarden . . . Chez Paree, Chicago, is negotiating to land Rudy Vallee and his band, plus Harry Richman for the opening of a new show . . . Earl Hines and his band will open in New York soon after a successful tour of New England . . . Russ Morgan, formerly with Jean Goldkette and Ted Fio Rito, is music supervisor for Columbia Records . . . Los Angeles News headline: "Woman Dies While Listening to Guy Lombardo."

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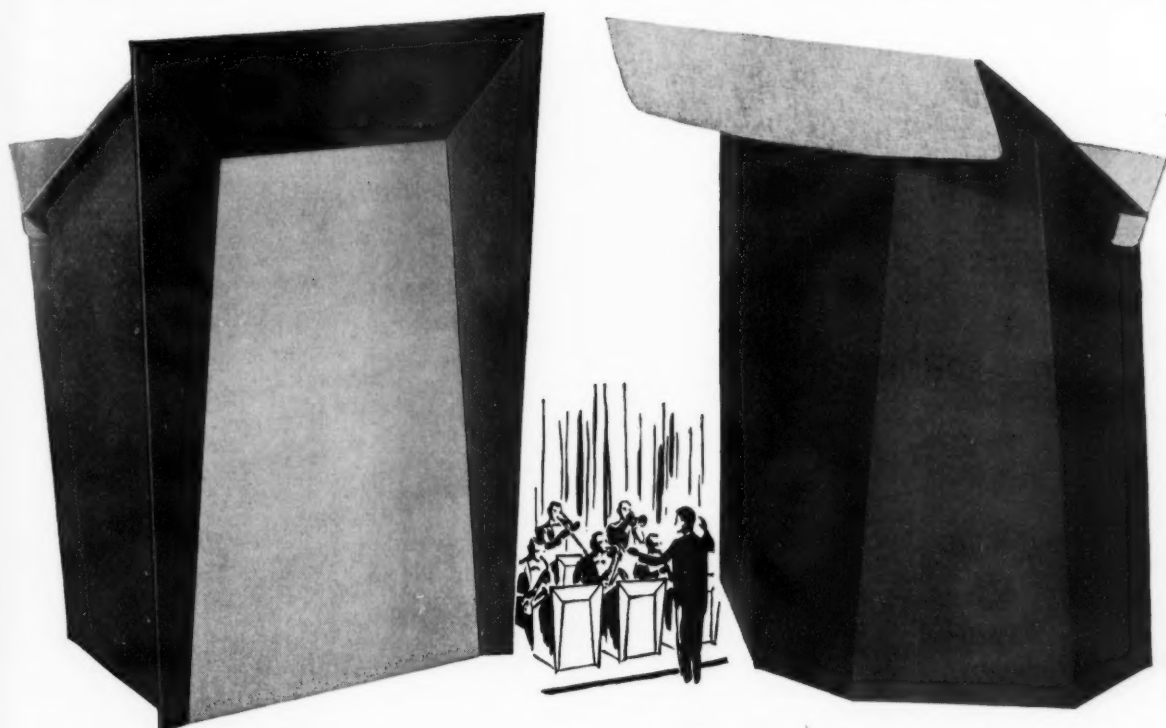
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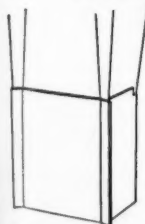
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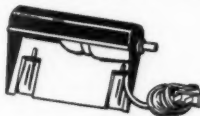
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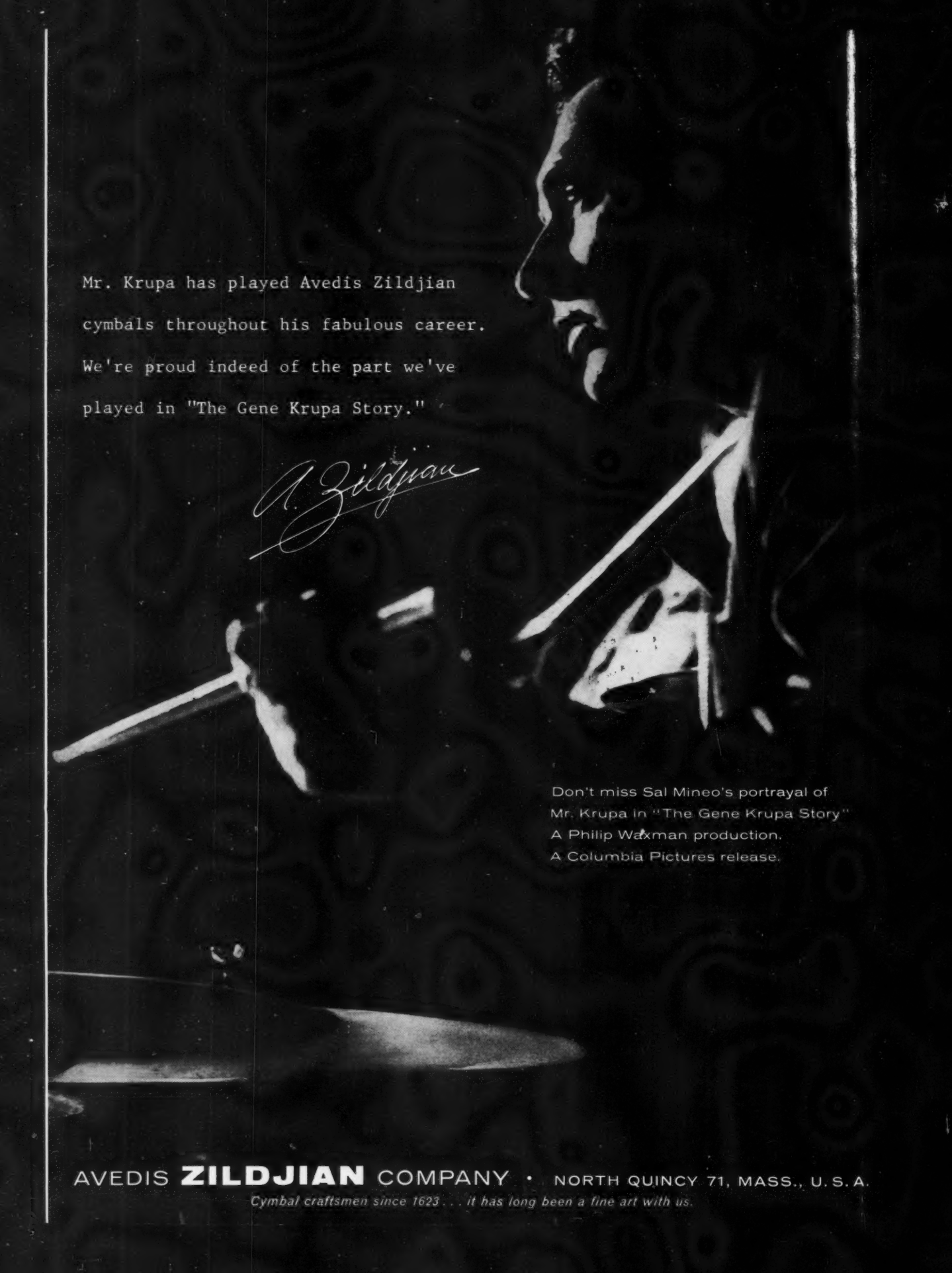
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